THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 200 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. **No. 27.**

"HAPPY YEAR."

This peaceful, pleasant new-year day
I will a wish to one away,
And would with every sentence twine
A tender thought—a loving line—
A fragrant flower in blossom, dear,
Across the threshold of the year.

If only Love were strong as Fate
To make the crooked places straight,
How should the days delighted run,
The goal be reached—the laurel won,
And fortune prosper—friendship cheer,
And gladden each recurring year.

If blighted hopes have shadows cast
Along the dead and buried past,
We look beyond them, and forget
The sins that soil, the cares that fret—
And clouds that darken dim year
Before the fair advancing year.

Above the dim days stretched between,
Across the miles that intervene,
From barren wastes, from desert sands
Love reaches out anointing hands,
And breathes, with many a tender tear,
A blessing, and a Happy Year.

MARY P. TUCKER.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

INSIDE THE CAVE.

A sensation of fear ran through the mind of the interloper on finding himself discovered, and by this dangerous man. The good-natured, mocking tone of the other was of little assurance, for he knew him to be cold as it cruel, a man of that temperament that can commit murder with a smile on the face and a jest on the tongue.

Gordon, however, was too well aware of the company he was in, and had too much command over his feelings, to permit any sense of fear to display itself. He was in the lion's den and must face the danger with a lion's boldness.

He looked involuntarily around to see whence the speaker had so suddenly appeared, and discovered that he had been standing in a niche-like extension of the cave just behind the entrance.

"You see I was at home to receive company," said Henderson, noticing his look.

"Do you often call on your friends in this offhand way, without waiting for an invitation?"

"I generally like to," coolly answered Gordon—or Thompson as he had introduced himself to his present questioner. "I don't like to put folks to trouble in their housekeeping arrangements."

"Very kind of you," said Henderson. "I see you haven't stood on ceremony. But I don't think we'd have got up an extra dinner even if we'd knowed you were coming."

"It wouldn't have been of any use. I'm always ready for a bite and a snap. What suits my friends suits me, and, without a joke, I think I could eat a small cow just now."

"How would a bit of coon do? or a slice of bear meat? We don't do much in cow out here."

"Well perhaps I could put it down, with whisky sauce."

The outlaw laughed at this answer, losing the mocking expression he had so far retained.

"Step back here a bit," he said. "Maybe we can find a bottle with the cork out, and a slice of cold meat, as long as you feel the worse of your trouble."

Leading the way, Henderson proceeded toward the opening out of which the stream flowed from the interior of the cavern.

The thought passed through Gordon's mind whether his best movement would not be to turn and fly from the cave by the passage by which he had entered.

This idea was but momentary. He would be at the mercy of the weapons of the outlaw during his flight through the difficult passage, and his only safe plan would be to brave it out, with the hope that Henderson might still look upon him as likely to prove a useful member of his band.

With some uneasy feelings then, but a belief that there was no safe alternative, he followed his old associate, who walked steadily on, never once looking back to see if Gordon was behind him.

The connecting avenue which they now entered was about three feet in width, contracting at one point to a width that would just permit their passage. It opened out into an apartment that struck the new-comer with wonder and delight, despite his mental preoccupation.

They stood in an immense hall, dimly lit up by the light that struggled in from the entrance, and by several rays that found their way down through the crevices in the roof. The room was nearly round, with a level floor and vaulted ceiling, being some fifty feet in diameter and thirty feet high. But the walls, which had originally been rough, were now covered with sheets and spires of milk-white stalactite, forming a profusion of beautiful figures, to which the original broken character of the wall had given a charming diversity of outline. There were to be seen, with some aid from the imagination, the pipes of a magnificent organ, groups of gigantic statuary, mighty altars, and seats that would have served for the throne of great

NED GORDON AND MAGGIE CAMPBELL SURPRISED BY THE COUNTERFEITERS.

Jove himself, all of a material that sparkled in its brilliant whiteness.

From the roof depended long stalactites, like gigantic icicles, seemingly ready to drop at every moment, yet which had hung there for untold centuries.

A sheet of stalagmite covered the floor. This had been levelled off, and was trodden to a dingy hue by the impression of many feet, but around the sides of the room it retained its pristine beauty.

The visitor thought he had never beheld anything so beautiful, particularly when his leader lit a lamp that occupied a table in the centre of the apartment, and the walls suddenly flashed and sparkled as though they had been set with innumerable gems.

Henderson stood looking with a grim smile at his silent ecstasy, as if pleased with his admiration, yet not quite satisfied with his intrusion.

"It's not bad to keep bachelor's hall in, is it?" he asked.

"I never saw anything so beautiful," was the reply.

"Glad you like it, Mr. Ned Thompson, which I b'lieve you said was your name. Just obleege me by taking a seat here now. I want to have a bit of a talk with you."

The large table that occupied the centre was surrounded by a dozen rustic armchairs, made apparently by some mechanical genius of the gang, of material out in the neighboring woods.

Gordon took the one indicated by his companion, who seated himself directly opposite.

"I s'pose you remember the talk I had with you last night on business matters?" asked Henderson.

"Perfectly well," was the reply.

"I told you to keep it to yourself, that it was a secret between you and me."

"Just so," said Gordon, preserving his assumed idiom. "That's what I intend to do."

"The devil you do! And when do you intend to begin?"

"Since our talk last night."

"There's one thing I told you then it might pay you to bear in mind. That was that the fellow that shook hands with me, and then went back on it, was going to get an ounce of lead in his noddle."

"Well, and what then?" asked Gordon, boldly.

"There's only this then, that you've talked it over at the Blue Boat, and with some hound that was blasted fool enough to put you on the track of this place."

"I haven't opened my mouth about it since I talked with you."

"That's an infernal lie, Thompson. Do you know that you're in a hole where lies may be planted but they won't grow, or if they do they'll bear nothing but lead bullets? Have you ever heard of a queer place called the Labyrinth?"

"No," he answered, professing ignorance of an edifice of which he really had read.

"It was a place that was easy enough to get in, but blamed hard to get out of. Do you know that you've got yourself in jest such a place?"

"I take it t'other way," answered Gordon with a smile, but a quivering at the heart at the significance of the question. "Hard to get in, I should say."

"You didn't find it very hard. You'll maybe find the other way hard enough if you try lying with me. The first thing I want to know is, what man told you how to get in here?"

"No man," answered Gordon.

"See here, Mr. Thompson, maybe you don't quite know the person you're talking to. Here's something that's good to help the memory." He drew a pistol from his pocket and laid it on the table before him.

"I'll have that man's name now, if you please."

"No man told me," repeated Gordon, looking him full in the eye.

"I've asked that question twice. I never ask but three times," said Henderson, picking up and cocking the pistol, which he presented with deadly aim at the breast of the other. "That man's name now?" he continued, in a cool, devilish tone.

"It will pay you to drop that weapon, Mr. Jack Henderson, which I believe you calls yourself," said Gordon, in as cool a tone, successfully concealing his natural trepidation at the danger he encountered. "Blast your eyes, man, I'd take ten bullets sooner than be bullied into anything. You say lies don't grow here, and you want to drive me into a lie with a pistol. I tell you agin there weren't no man, and you can shoot and be blowed."

The defiant manner of Gordon had the effect which he had hoped and expected. Henderson, instead of shooting as he had threatened, asked again:

"No man told you or showed you the way here?"

"Now that's a double question, Mr. Henderson. Yes, I were showed the way."

"Then why in the thunder couldn't you say so? Who led you here?"

"Nobody, agin."

"See here, Thompson, are you playing on me!" asked Henderson, in an exasperated tone.

"You're keeping me to the p'int, and to the p'int I'm going to stick. There weren't anybody led me, but there were a man showed me."

"His name?" asked the other, in a brief, fierce manner.

"Bill Gillespie, the same man as showed me how to play poker last night."

"Gillespie, eh," said Henderson, with a grim smile at the allusion. "Go on. If you know when you're well off, you'll let out the whole story. Maybe you think I'm a nice coon to play with. Just raise me once, and see if you haven't raised the devil."

"Well, then, Gillespie's not to blame, for he showed me the way without knowing it hisself. You see I was taking a scout in the woods outside here, looking for deer, 'cording to our talk last night. I come up toward Sugar Hill 'cause I'd heered it was a prime place for shooting. Well, I'd about got tired of looking for deer, and was thinking of emptying on a squirrel that was frisking his tail in my eyes out there, when who should I see but Bill Gillespie and another fellow jest alongside the thicket. They were looking out, but didn't see me, for I was a good step off. In a minit they turned and sunk right into the thicket. Now that struck me kind of curious, for I'd seed it jest afore that it was only a jumble of briar bushes, and likely to scratch the feller that went through. So I come up mighty cur'us, but I guessed the trick when I seed the bit of water running. Thinks I, Mr. Gillespie, where you can go Ned Thompson can foller, and it's likely there's something worth knowing inside. So in the water I puts my feet, and I took the track straight through the bush, till before you could say Jack Robison I found myself in a place I never dreamt of getting into."

"And you'd better never dream of getting out of it," said Henderson, severely. "There's many a man got into trouble by wanting to know too much, and that's just your fix. There's no fooling goes down inside these diggins. You've got to show your mettle before you smell flowers agin."

"Well," said Gordon, looking curiously around, "I reckon it'll be a mighty smart [illegible] to live in, if there's any [illegible] ain't got a baked alligator [illegible] little trifle of the sort?"

"You'll not starve, stranger. We have our regular meals here, and it's about dinner-time. See here, I think you're going to turn out on the square. Just prove yourself the right stripe of a hoss and it's all right. But if you go back on us the turning of a hair you're a dead man, if you were here, or if you were a thousand miles away."

Without waiting for an answer, Henderson rose and walked back into the cave.

"Come on," he said, "we'll seal this bargain and wet it in some good whisky."

They entered another passage which, after some devious windings, opened into a smaller apartment than that they had occupied, but, like it, brilliant with stalactites.

No light entered here from without, and the place was illuminated by a lamp that burned on a table in the centre.

The new comer had no eyes for the beauties of the apartment, for the table was garnished with the materials for a meal, and round it sat three men. These were the two whom Gordon had followed into the cave, and the third the tall, black-whiskered man whom we have known as Tom Gillespie, alias Dick Brown, and whose family resemblance to the gambler seemed to declare them brothers.

These men looked up with surprise as the others entered, the gambler leaping to his feet and glaring on Gordon with a fierce expression.

"It's all right, lads," said Henderson. "You can go ahead with your grub. Thompson's one of us, or will be after we've put him through a course of sprouts. Set down, man, if you're so downed wolfish, and pitch in."

Gordon needed no second invitation. He could only keep up his assumed character by a display of boldness and indifference to his surroundings. Simply nodding to the others, he sat down and helped himself liberally to the meat which formed the main staple of the meal, saying—

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I've had a long scoot, and it's made me sort of ravenish."

They all, with little ado, plunged into the meal, those already there casting questioning glances at Henderson, to which he continued utterly indifferent.

Their fresh appetites soon made havoc of the viands, and a bottle of whisky was then set out, to which all paid generous attention. Gordon took care not to be distanced in this particular. He wished to keep his wits fully about him, but felt that it would never do for him to decline the bottle if he hoped to gain credit with these men.

This scene continued for about an hour, the men smoking and drinking profusely, and enlivening their orgey by a number of anecdotes and songs, principally of a ribald and profane character.

Gordon was sufficiently familiar with the class of characters among whom he now was, to be aware of their ordinary subjects of conversation, and to be able to bear his part with credit.

It was evident to himself that he was making a favorable impression, and he used every effort to increase it, aware that his life might depend on his power of keeping up his assumed character.

The feast, which was rapidly degenerating into a debauch, was ended by Henderson taking possession of the nearly empty bottle, and locking it up in a cupboard at the side of the apartment.

"You've had enough, lads," he said. "A little whisky is a good thing. Too much whisky is worse than none. We've got work before us. We'll leave you the run of the cave. Thompson. That is if you've got courage [illegible] in the dark. I've got use for this lamp, [illegible] there's light enough for you to make your way about this part of the retreat, and that's enough for you to see just now."

The four men disappeared through the avenue leading into the large apartment. After a few moments Gordon followed them. The place was empty. He continued on into the ante-chamber at the entrance of the cave, with a faint hope that the outward passage might be open to him.

It was wide open, but beside it sat, on a rustic chair, a man whom he had not yet seen, with a rifle leaning on the rock beside him. The entrance was evidently under guard.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY.

Gordon was probably correct in his supposition as to the origin of the cavern he was in.

The many limestone caverns of the west, among them that giant of underground excavations, the great Mammoth Cave, are supposed to have been formed by the action of water.

Subterranean streams and rivers now run through them, following, probably, natural crevices in the rock, along whose course they have dissolved and fretted away the softer portions of the stone, excavating, in one place immense halls, in others, where the rock has proved harder, narrow apertures.

Thus the caverns now consist of a succession of such grand halls, united by passages in some cases almost too narrow for entrance.

At a later period the surface water, percolating through the roof of the caverns, and dissolving the limestone in its course, formed by its evaporation those stony icicles and sheets of purely white stone, that lend their principal charm to these underground palaces, covering the natural inequalities of the rock with an endless variety of fantastic and suggestive forms.

In the present case the waters of the Mississippi had probably prepared this underground dwelling for the base purposes to which it was now applied.

At that remote epoch when this plain was the bed of the great river, and when its rushing waters washed the sides of the elevation now known as Sugar Hill, the fluid had made its way through the crevices of the rock, eating out all the soluble stone with which it came into contact, and leaving avenues and passages throughout the whole breadth of the hill.

What Ned Gordon had seen of these caverns was but the vestibule of the excavated hill. Far back into Cimmerian darkness the passages ran, in a succession of avenues and halls that honeycombed the hill.

These wound, too, in such diverse and deceptive directions, that a man, lost in their depths, might have wandered till starvation overtook him, in a vain search for the place of entrance.

At least this fate might have befallen the man of the cities, who would depend solely on intellectual acumen to aid him; but not the man of the frontier, to whom nature was as an open book, full of a language visible to his eyes alone.

What secret work was performed in the interior apartments of this dwelling of crime, it was not left for him to determine.

The light which Henderson had left in the main cavern had disappeared, so that no means of investigation remained to the virtual prisoner. The armed sentinel prevented him from emerging to the open sunlight without. The absolute darkness and possible danger hindered any research into the interior of the cave.

The taking away of the lamps gave him the idea that it was done to prevent such research, they safely depending on the darkness to keep him within bounds.

Another thought came into his mind. These caverns were often rendered dangerous by running waters, deep wells, and precipitous descents. Might not Henderson have recognized him, and purposely left him free, depending on the natural curiosity of man to lead him deeper into the cave, and precipitate him down some fatal precipice.

Such considerations would have hindered most men from searching further, coupled, too, with the danger of the gang's returning and discovering his attempt.

But more than curiosity impelled him. These were criminals whose objects it was his duty, both to himself and to the community, to discover and to expose. His own fair fame rested on this discovery, and also the repayment to the bank of the funds lost through him, and concerning which he felt a strong sense of obligation.

Besides he had not been forbidden investigation of the cave, and could plead this in the event of being discovered. They had probably considered the depriving him of light a sufficient precaution. But he had about him the means of procuring a light, and a length of wax taper, which he had intended for a different purpose, sufficient to burn for several hours.

He therefore, after several hours had elapsed from the disappearance of his new associates, determined, at all hazards, to enter upon this exploration, and depend on his mother wit to help him out of any danger into which he might fall.

But we must leave the details of this adventurous exploit, the dangers incurred, and the results achieved, till some future occasion. And follow the fortunes of [illegible] other of our characters [illegible] long neglected.

At a considerable depth within these caverns, far from any possible influence of the light of day, plunged in eternal darkness so far as any gleam of the solar rays could penetrate its dark recesses, was a small but most beautiful apartment.

The Temple of Beauty, it had been named, even by these rude possessors of the caverns, and the title was not misapplied.

It was now lit with a lamp whose beams flashed back from a most magnificent scene. The vaulted roof was fretted with a pure white frost-work, surpassing in intricacy of design the most elaborate work of any Gothic cathedral, and sparkling from the facets of thousands of crystals, till the whole dome seemed set with jewels.

The sides of the room were set with symmetrical half-columns, in high relief from the wall, forming niches in which were figures that it would have needed no great stretch of imagination to form into a succession of milk-white statues, the alabaster gods of a new pantheon, built by nature's own hand in the heart of the western wilds.

A table, with several chairs, a bed, and a roughly-built closet, occupying one of the openings between two columns, formed the furniture of this room. It had but one avenue of entrance and exit, and this was closed by a strong door, perforated, and with an open space above and under, to admit of the entrance of air.

This charming prison, for to such a base purpose was it applied, was occupied by the unhappy captive, Maggie Campbell, whom we last saw gazing despairingly on the disappearing form of the friend who sought to rescue her.

Gillespie, her captor, had borne her directly here, after using what he considered the proper measures to avoid leaving a distinguishable trail. He was well acquainted with the shrewd powers of the hunters who might be on his track, and felt it imperative to take every measure to avoid leading them into dangerous closeness to the secret cavern of the gang of which he was a member.

Before entering, he had even taken the precaution to blindfold her eyes, so that she could, by no possibility, learn the secret of the entrance.

The blinding scarf was not removed until he had borne her into the apartment in which we now find her.

She was then released, her hands, eyes, and lips alike being freed from the bonds which had so long restrained speech and motion.

She gazed around the strange scene in which she found herself, with a sense of bewilderment, not unmingled with an involuntary admiration, such as one might feel to whom the wonders of fairy-land had been suddenly revealed.

This feeling of surprise, and the charm of the beautiful scene, were sufficient, for the moment, to allay and cause her to forget the distress and indignation which had burned so long with her.

These feelings, however, returned in full force with the first words of her abductor.

"Isn't it a pretty cage to which I've brung my bird?" he asked. "There weren't any use for you to go on so, Maggie. I was a-going to do the square thing with you. I reckon you'll soon begin to see that."

The indignation aroused by his words overcame all other feelings.

"Is it not enough, sir," she asked with scornful accent, "that you have stolen me from my home, treated me with every indignity, and brought me to this prison, but your first words must be insults which only tend to make me abhor you more utterly than I already did?"

"Now there's no use to go on that way, my dear. It won't do a bit of good, you kin take my word for that. I don't mind telling you, Maggie, that you're in a place that's not easy got out of; and that you'll be likely to stay here till you come to your senses. But I don't mean you no harm, gal. I think you'll make me a neat little wife—and as you wouldn't come round in your own way, you've got to in mine. That's all."

"What have I done to you," she piteously exclaimed, "that you have treated me so? I could not love you, I told you that. Between honorable men and freeborn women no more is asked or needed. Why have you dared to drag me from my home, and immure me in this horrid prison?"

"I seed by your eye, not ten minutes ago, gal, that you thought it was a mighty pretty place. Now it's a horrid prison. Maybe, Maggie, the boys of Wilson's Corner are easy satisfied—but when I says I love a gal I mean it, and there's no hound a-going to step between. If you take my advice, you'll not lose much time a-coming to your senses. Dick Brown might be put off and on, but Tom Gillespie's a hoss of another color, as maybe you'll find, if you're cantankerous."

"You villain!" she cried, in a burst of irresistible anger, "you have already dropped the mask of pretended love, and are dealing in threats. Do you know that I have Western blood in my veins—the blood of a race that would sooner die than yield an inch to a threat? You boast of your power over me. Your power! Do you know that the whole country is up by this time in pursuit of me, that the eyes of men who can track the wiliest beast of the forest to its lair are on your track; that Robert Gordon, the man I love and who loves me, will follow you though it be to the world's end, and exact vengeance for this outrage? Robber of the weak and defenceless, you have your triumph now! Make much of it, for it will not be for long. Vengeance, short, sharp and dire, will follow you to your den, and repay you in full for the base action you have committed."

"Well said, my dear," he replied, with a mocking laugh. "It does me good to see you fire up. You don't know how it improves your beauty. But do you happen to know where you are?"

"No," she replied, in a bold tone, but with a heart that sank at the triumphant tone he had used.

"You're in a place that the people about here have been a-trying to smell out for the last five years, and ain't no nearer it now than when they begun. You're in a cave a mile away from sunlight. All the scouts of the country couldn't find their way in; and if you tried to get out, you'd only be falling over some rock and breaking your neck for your trouble. And that's a thing I don't intend to let you do."

"I had better far meet death than the fate of which you speak?" she piteously exclaimed. "Oh, sir, if you have the feelings of a man, if a touch of human sentiment ever moved your breast, release me from this cell, restore me to my home, and I will ever bless you. You know not how I have suffered, how I suffer now. Have pity, sir. If you love me, as you say, show your love by releasing me from this misery. My endless grief cannot please you, my gratitude may."

"Oh, you'll git over all that, Maggie," he coolly replied. "I don't intend to be hard on you, but it don't stand to reason that I'm going to all this trouble just for nothing. I know you're a bit mad and hurt now, but that won't last. You'll find me a good sort of a husband, and I know you'll make me a very clever wife, in spite of this bit of a tantrum."

"Never!" she cried, indignantly, "I will die first!"

"Yes, I've heered that sort of thing on the stage, Maggie. But the gals that said it never died. They jist got married and lived happy, as you're a-going to. There's one thing—I know you're fooling yourself about that feller, Rob Gordon. You needn't. He'll never trouble you any more."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"Only that he's gone under. Got an ounce of lead through a bad part of his carcass, food for wolves by this time. So it ain't worth while building on him."

"Fiend, murderer, devil!" she screamed, in an agony of apprehension, as the full meaning of his words broke upon her. "You have killed him! You have killed my lover, and stand there boasting of the deed to me!" She flung herself upon him with all the fury of the wild-cat that is robbed of its young, and but that he stepped quickly aside, he might have been made to regret his brutal boast, strong as he was, for in such a mood even a woman may display the strength of a giant.

Before she could recover from the shock of her assault, she heard the quick clash of a bolt, and turned to find herself alone in the cave, and the door closed and bolted upon her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

We will not detail the events of the succeeding night and day, the flood of grief, anguish and despair that overwhelmed her, how she beat till her hands were wounded at the door of her cell, in the vain hope that it would yield and open to her the road to freedom, how she passed the night, which there was but as the day, sleepless and suffering. Hour succeeded hour and the dreadful monotony of her cell weighed upon her more heavily with every minute.

The beauty with which nature had adorned it had no charm for her eyes. They were too dim with the tears they had shed to see aught but terror in her surroundings.

That Rob had been indeed murdered she feared was only too true. She now knew the full malignity of his foe—and she knew that no light cause would have hindered the return of her lover on the evening of the dancing party.

Her grief for him was far greater than that for herself. The lesser misfortune was swallowed up and lost in the greater.

Yet she feared her abductor, with a terrible fear. She saw that she was utterly in the power of an unscrupulous man. Whatever designs he entertained she feared would be carried out, despite her opposition or her feelings. She had already learned that she was but as a child in his grasp. Neither her strength, her tears, her indignation, or her appeals to his pity, would be likely to have any effect upon this monster.

She could not look forward to hope, for hope was dead in her path, the whole future seemed but one dark cloud of misery.

Meals were brought her at regular intervals by her would-be lover, and her lamp once or twice changed. He spoke to her on these occasions, but she would make him no answer. She felt too fully the uselessness of indulging in any further scenes of recrimination.

She could no more eat than sleep. The food remained untasted.

In his last visit on the afternoon of this second day—it had seemed more nearly a year to her—he brought her a double allowance of food, removing the untasted viands of the former meals.

"Now, Maggie," he said, "I don't see no use in your starving yourself, for it'll come to that if you go on without eating. Them's good victuals I've brung you, and I'm a-going to do the right thing by you, and you'd best hurry and come to your senses. I've brung you a double allowance, for I won't be here till after breakfast time to-morrow. You'd best be reasonable now and try and eat something."

She sat with her face buried in her hands, a living picture of grief, to all appearance not hearing or not heeding his words. With a shrug of the shoulders he left the room, taking care to bolt the door behind him.

Yet her long abstinence from food was beginning to tell upon her. The sight of the viands for the first time excited in her the sensation of appetite, and she ate a portion of the food prepared, despite her tacit resolution to accept nothing at his hands.

As the night wore on she threw herself on the bed, and fell into a broken, uneasy slumber, full of horrid dreams.

The lamp still burned. She could not bear the thought of being there in the utter gloom, and though he had given her means of relighting the lamp, she was afraid to extinguish it, although she knew that it must burn out in a few hours and leave her in the dreaded darkness.

She was aroused from her slumbers by a strange sound, which entered at first into her dreams, but which remained to her waking ear.

She now recognized it as the slow and careful withdrawal of the bolt. With eyes dilated by terror she rose on her arm in the bed, and gazed toward the door. She could see it slowly opening, inch by inch. With a fascination like that of the bird by the snake she gazed upon this door, her heart throbbing so that it might almost have been heard by the intruder, every nerve strung to a painful pitch.

She knew that it must still be night in the world outside, and feared that some disaster was about to come upon her in this intrusion. The light now shone upon a forehead and a pair of eyes, gazing through the open crack in the door, and making a cautious survey of the chamber.

They at length fell upon her, in her startled attitude, and with dilated eyes returning their glance.

The door was instantly drawn to. But for an instant, however. A moment's thought had, however, satisfied the intruder that he had no[illegible]thing to fear, for the next moment the door was widely opened, and a young man[illegible] girl revealed in the aperture.

A strong impulse to scream came upon her, but was restrained by a new thought. Was there not something in this man's face strongly reminding her of her lover?

The stranger raised his hand deprecatingly, as if fearing that she would raise an alarm.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a cautious tone.

There was something in his voice, attitude and expression that gave her courage.

"A poor, unfortunate captive," she replied.

"I feared so," he answered, advancing openly into the cell. "Your face is familiar to me, though I cannot recall your name."

"I am called Maggie Campbell," she answered, still more reassured, and rising from the bed. "I was carried off yesterday by a villain, and brought to this dreadful prison. I am sure you are not an associate of his."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I remember you now, though it is long since I have seen you. Do you not recognize my face?"

"Your features are familiar," she said, advancing toward him. "You resemble a friend of mine, named Robert Gordon."

"I am his brother," was the reply. "You have not seen me since you were quite young, and have probably forgotten me."

"I know you now," she said, advancing eagerly toward him. "Are you, too, a prisoner in this terrible place?"

"A virtual prisoner," he replied. "Who brought you here, and with what object?"

She proceeded to describe her adventures of the previous day, detailing her meetings with the assumed Dick Brown, her treatment of his advances, and the features of the abduction and pursuit.

She spoke also of his threats to her, and of his hint that Rob Gordon had been murdered the night before.

The latter information startled the brother. Rob had left him that night in good time to return to the dancing party. He now learned that he had failed to return. This, with the jealousy of the abductor, and the dark hint he had given, made him fear that his brother had indeed been murdered. He was careful, however, to keep these doubts to himself, perceiving the nervous condition she was in.

He at once recognized her description of her persecutor in one of the men who had sat at the dinner table with him that day, the brother of Gillespie, the gambler.

"And now," he said, "the next question is, how are we to get out of this place. I have been taking a look through the caves, as far as I could venture, and have made some interesting discoveries. I think the gang are absent, as I have seen none of them during my exploration. My belief is that they left the cave when they parted from me after dinner. But the entrance appears to be under strict guard, and how to pass this guard is the difficulty."

"I hope that we may escape," she earnestly said. "I fear to remain here in the power of that man, and will be eternally grateful to you if you can aid me in escaping."

"I will try," he answered. "It must be now late in the night, perhaps near morning. The sentinel may depend on the darkness, and on the lights all being taken from me, and may relax his vigilance. We can but try."

"Let us try," she exclaimed, "at once! without a moment's delay! I will run any risk, do anything, to escape from the greater danger that threatens me here."

"Follow me then," he said, lighting his taper by the lamp, and extinguishing the latter. "The passage to the entrance is somewhat devious, but I have learned its direction. We must keep utter silence, and avoid any noise, as we do not know what ears may be within hearing."

She pressed close up behind him as he led the way from the cave. The taper he bore faintly lighted up the walls of the passage they entered, throwing its light but a few steps ahead, but sufficiently so to reveal their way. He walked on boldly, as one one well satisfied of his path.

The way led through a great diversity of scenery, the avenues expanding into apartments of various dimensions, all clad in white, and each displaying its own particular phase of beauty. These again contracted into passes, some of them very low and narrow. Once or twice they had to stoop and almost creep, so contracted were the crevices.

She looked with wonder on the scenes through which they passed. She had failed to see them on her entrance, being blindfolded, and had only beheld the cave in which she was immured. This varied succession of the underground beauties of nature then filled her with astonishment and delight, despite the anxiety which she felt.

He suddenly extinguished his taper, as they entered the largest chamber she had yet seen.

"Give me your hand now," he whispered. "We are near the entrance."

Leading her carefully forward they entered another avenue, and soon emerged in the antechamber of the cave. He paused just within the mouth of the avenue, looking eagerly out.

The apartment was fully illuminated, not only by a lamp which burned dimly at one side, but by the clear light of a new day, which came in growing light through the entrance passage. They were rather late. Day had dawned in the world without.

A sentinel still sat by the passage, but his head was on his breast, and his general relaxation of attitude betokened sleep.

"Now, Maggie," he whispered, "wait till I give you the sign, then steal across the cave and into the passage. I will follow you."

With noiseless tread he crossed the cell till he stood near the sleeper. Stooping, he cautiously opened the pan of the rifle that stood beside him, and blew out the powder.

Now stationing himself partly behind him, so as to have him at an advantage should he suddenly awake, he made the promised signal to Maggie.

With her heart palpitating with fear and hope she softly trod the cave, her footsteps making no more sound than would the fall of so many autumn leaves.

In a minute she was within the passage. Gordon instantly followed her, the sentinel continuing to sleep.

Reaching the mouth of the passage the full day lay revealed to them. The sky was yet rosy with the light of the dawn, and the tree tops were gilded with the first rays of the rising sun. The enveloping bushes prevented their seeing below the summit of the forest.

"We have to take the middle of the stream," he whispered. "Had I not better carry you? You will get unpleasantly wet."

"I fear you would get very tired of your load. I am heavier than you think," she said. "Besides, it don't do for a western girl to be afraid of wet feet."

To settle the question she stepped resolutely into the stream, lifting her skirts to keep them from the water.

Without another word he again led the way, carefully traversing the stream, and putting the bushes aside that she might pass.

A very few minutes sufficed to bring them beyond the fringing thicket, and with a warm impulse of joy they stepped from the running water into the clear, broad level of the forest.

A fresh air swept their faces, very different from the close, moveless atmosphere of the caverns. The sunlight was making its way down through the leaves and lighting up the as yet shadowy arches. Above their heads sounded the final concert of the birds, pouring a din a gleeful chorus, as it was, despite hissing of triumph for their fortunate escape.

"We must make the best of our way from here," he earnestly said. "Every instant here is dangerous. Our flight may be discovered, or some of the outlaws may be on their way to the cavern."

Taking her hand he led her quickly over the smooth floor of the forest, in the direction of the lane which he knew ran at some distance to the south. Their safety now seemed assured, and their hearts were full of the warm glow of hope.

The forest was, as we have already said, generally open, but had, here and there, extensive patches of underbrush, which grew occasionally to a height and closeness to be appropriately denominated thickets.

It was necessary, every few minutes, to pass round one of these clumps, passage through them being too difficult to be undertaken.

They had left the cavern perhaps a quarter mile behind them when, on rounding one of these bushy masses, they came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of a party of men, eight or ten in number, approaching them.

Gordon's first glance recognized the form of Jack Henderson, in advance of the party.

He immediately drew back behind the screen of bushes, saying hurriedly to his companion:

"Run, quickly, in this direction, toward the lane. I will cover your flight from these men."

"But you!" she asked fearfully. She had caught a glimpse of her abductor, and was trembling with apprehension.

"Don't mind me. I am safe with them. Run, as fast as you can. They have seen me, and I must meet them."

Taking counsel from her fears she obeyed him, running with all haste round the thicket, in an opposite direction to that in which the men were advancing.

Gordon walked boldly out to meet them, aware that flight, now that they had seen him, was impracticable. On approaching he noticed that all his dinner companions were present, with the exception of the one known as Tom Gillespie. He had certainly been in the party a moment before; what had become of him? Gordon feared that his scheme had been comprehended, and that this man was already in pursuit of his fugitive victim. But it was too late now to turn back to her assistance.

"Whither away, my hearty?" cried Henderson, in a loud, jeering tone, as they came up.

"Taking a taste of fresh air. That confounded hole's a bit too close for me," said Gordon, boldly.

"Ah! And the gal, too, I s'pose, wanted fresh air? It was sort of kind in you, though it's a little better for your health that Tom Gillespie jest now fell out of the crowd."

"She were the worse for air, that's a fact," said Gordon. "I run across her, and as she didn't like her quarters I asked her out of them."

As he spoke his heart throbbed with apprehension. He stood with his back to the thicket, affecting to be leaning nonchalantly on his rifle.

"Well, that was kind," said Henderson, advancing nearer, until within gunshot distance. There was a devilish light in his eye that Gordon did not like.

"S'pose you jest hand over that shooting-iron; I don't see that you've any use for it," he continued.

Gordon replied by leaping back and bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

"Stand back, Jack Henderson!" he cried, "or, as I am a living man, I'll put a bullet through you!"

Henderson looked back at his gang.

"Go for him, men!" he said, in a quick, stern tone.

Three or four of the men at once sprang hastily forward. In an instant the rifle was discharged, ineffectively, at the nearest of these, and Gordon turned to run into the thicket.

But he was too late. Henderson seized him before he could take a step, and in an instant a dozen hands were grasping him.

His hands were tied behind him with the facility of men practiced at the business, and at a word from the leader he was dragged rapidly through the woods for two or three hundred yards. They halted again near another but smaller clump of bushes.

"This is a good spot," said Henderson, motioning to the man that held the prisoner.

He was at once tied firmly to a maple of considerable growth that grew close by.

"Now, friend Thompson," said Henderson, in his cool, merciless tone, "we gave you a good chance, and you went back on it. You must prowl through the cave and carry off our prisoners. You must humbug the guard and get outside, with a nice story, I s'pose, to spread round, about your finding the robbers' cave and all that. It won't work, my lad. We've one way of treating honest pals, and another way of treating traitors. You've gone back on us, and you've got to stand the blunt."

"I had no orders agin looking through the cave, nor none agin coming outside," Gordon ventured to say, though feeling himself in a most desperate strait. "I'd like to know how I've been a traitor then?"

"I'll tell you how," said Henderson severely. "You've been trying to play on me all through. Only that I'd a sneaking liking for you, and thought you had the making of a good comrade, you wouldn't got ten steps in the cave alive. You see I know you, Ned Gordon. You didn't get up early enough to shut up my eye. I gave you a good chance, and left you free on purpose jest to try you. You've gone back on me and it's all up with you."

The prisoner made no reply. He knew the speaker well enough to know that it would be useless, and he was too proud to beg for his life. He bowed his head and prayed silently as one only can pray who sees death in all its horror before him.

"I'll take this job," said the gambler, "I had a sight on the fellow once and you stopped me. You'd better let me cut his wind then."

The soulless speaker stood before him with levelled pistol, and a devilish leer upon his face.

"Who's got a bet to give that I don't pin his right ear to the tree the first shot?" he asked, with cruel malignity.

Gordon, with a courage for which he had not given himself credit, looked his executioner full in the face, with a look that cowed him, as the look of a brave man always cows a villain.

"I've got a word for your ear, Bill Gillespie," said Henderson, drawing a pistol and covering his associate. "We punish traitors, but do not torture them. You've took this job in hand. If you miss your man I'll not miss you."

"All right, Jack," said the other, deprecatingly. "I was only joking."

He again raised his pistol, and the prisoner felt that his last hour was come. He closed his eyes, in a passing spasm of dread of his terrible fate.

A quick, sharp report, too loud for a pistol, sounded, yet he was not touched.

Opening his closed eyes it was to behold the gambler falling lifeless to the ground, the weapon in his hand yet undischarged. A puff of smoke was rising over the neighboring bushes, and Gillespie's career had been suddenly cut short by a rifle bullet through the brain.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 93.)

THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC.

A pretty white country-house stood in its garden; a smooth, green lawn in front of it, dotted with flowers. It was the residence of Major Piper.

The August sun, travelling westward, shed its beams on this pleasant dwelling, and on an upper servant, of middle age, who had come to the door, and was standing in the attitude of listening, her hand shading her eyes as she gazed toward the road.

"Here she comes!" muttered the woman, at length, dropping her hand. "And may the Lord soften the tidings to her!"

A luggage-laden fly was turning in at the gate, one young lady seated inside it; a graceful, bright girl of seventeen, with a sweet countenance, luminous brown eyes, and chestnut hair. Before the fly had well stopped, she flung the door open, sprang out, and took both hands of the woman lovingly in hers.

"Oh, Day, Day! how glad I am to see you!"

"Bless your dear face, Miss Laura!"

"And where's papa?—and why did he not come to meet me at the station as usual?" asked the young lady, who was Major Piper's only child. Mrs. Piper had died three years before.

"Well, he—he was busy, Miss Laura," replied the servant, with uneasy evasiveness. "And now he has just stepped out; but he won't be long. You come up to your room, dear."

Another servant had appeared to help the driver with the boxes. Laura ran up the stairs, and was about to enter her own room, when Day interposed.

"Not there, Miss Laura. Your room, this time, is to be higher up."

"Why, Day! What's that for?"

"I'll show it to you," said Day, evasively; and made a kind of run for the upper stairs. Just then the chamber door was opened, and a French nurse and two children appeared at it, one of them in arms. Laura stared in blank amazement, and hastened after Day to know the meaning of it all.

Ah, it was a pitiful tale the faithful woman had to tell! She had been Laura's nurse, and felt it keenly. Major Piper, going over to Boulogne-sur-Mer to while away the time, which hung somewhat heavily on his hands in the absence of his child at school—he had sold out of her Majesty's service some years before—fell in there with a Mrs. Fitztophet, a fascinating widow. The major was simple-hearted, single-minded; rather weak, in fact, easily swayed, and unsuspicious as the day. She was clever, crafty, designing; and the poor major fell into her toils, and was secured. The marriage took place, and the major had just brought her home. This was the news that Day had to break to Laura; the major had gone out purposely, and deputed Day to do it.

Mrs. Fitztophet had seven children, but the major had thought she had but two; the other five, away at nurse or school, turned up after the marriage. Some of them had come home with the bride, and they had taken Laura's own chamber for a nursery. The major had also believed Mrs. Fitztophet to be a woman of substance, for she lived expensively; but on her marriage with him, her income lapsed to her children. All she then had was less than a hundred a year, and what sum the trustees might choose to allow her for those of her children who were not at school. The major did not deceive her. He told her candidly that all his income (about six hundred a year) was derived from his former wife, and it would of course descend to his daughter. Of course, assented the amiable widow; but she had taken care to get all particulars out of the unsuspicious major, and she knew that the money was at his disposal to bequeath to whom he would; for his wife, fully confiding in him, believing that their daughter's and her interests were secure in his hands, had made no will. It was this news—the fact of the second marriage and of the second family—that Day had to break to her young lady.

The shock to Laura was dreadful. Her first thought, arising out of her mind's general bewilderment, was of her mother. Dead though she was, it seemed like an outrage upon her that another should be brought home to fill her place. Laura had keen affections; she was refined and sensitive, and during these first moments she thought that she would rather have died than heard it. She did not betray this to Day; she stood quiet, calm, silent; those who feel the deepest show it least. But for her utterly pale face and quivering lips, Day might have supposed her young lady to be indifferent.

"You need not wait, Day," she said, in a low tone. "I will be down presently."

Left alone, the door bolted, the unhappy girl gave the reins to her bitter mortification and grief. It seemed to her that she could have borne any evil better than this. Ardently attached to her father, as was he to her, it seemed to her that he had thrown her off utterly. Every now and then she fancied it could not be true; that she must awake and find it a dream.

"How shall I bear it?" she wondered, with a catching sob. "I must bear it. I shall have to be patient and humble, and I know I cannot always be so unless God helps me. Perhaps He will. Suddenly there came into her mind a verse that she had heard read in the lesson on one of the Saints' Days:

"My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thine heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble."

Laura came out of her room presently, a cool muslin dress on, her face calm, her pretty chestnut hair smooth and bright. She met them in the hall. Her father, a rather tall, spare man, of light complexion and irresolute countenance, kissed her in silence. Mrs. Piper had black hair and eyes, a high color, and an imposing manner.

"This is your new mamma, Laura," spoke the major. "And your sister—Cecily."

Laura found herself clasped to the bosom of her new mamma, and felt some loud kisses on her face. Extricating herself gently, she turned to the young lady, a dark and rather pretty girl of about her own age, and showy as her mother.

"I see we shall be the best of friends, my sweet Laura," spoke Mrs. Piper.

Whatever surprises may have come upon Major Piper after his marriage, he took them good-naturedly. His new wife was all-in-all to him just now, and he really seemed to be looking at things through rose-colored glasses.

"I took the step chiefly for your benefit, Laura, my dear one," spoke he, the only time he said a word to her on the subject. "In another year or so, when grown up, you would have felt so greatly the need of a mother."

Laura caught up her breath with a sobbing sigh, and it was her only answer. The child had so looked forward to the time when she should be at home for good with her dear father—when they should be all the world to one another!

The well-furnished drawing-room of a house in one of the London squares was ablaze with gas and fire. Mrs. Piper sat back in a chair, holding a small hand-screen before her face; Major Piper dozed on the other side of the hearth. Cecily and Kate Fitztophet, two handsome, high-colored, and very showy girls, were reading. Laura looked like a delicate lily beside them, her sweet face lovely, her eyes soft and winning.

Seven years had gone by. They lived in this London house now, and Laura had to make herself useful in it. The two Miss Fitztophets could dress, and dance, and go abroad at will; Laura must be occupied for the general benefit. The Fitztophet sons, three of them, were out in the world; the two youngest children, Doll and Bobby, were at home, and Laura taught them. Now and again Laura would look back at her girlhood's fondly cherished hopes of life; when she saw how they had been fulfilled she had dire need of that patience that she had set herself out to exercise. The major seemed not to observe the disparity of treatment; his daughter made almost a servant, his stepdaughters flourishing in Society's air; at any rate he did not hinder it. He was only a reed in his wife's hands.

"Dear me! I think I was dropping asleep!" he exclaimed, starting out of his nap. "How quiet you all are! Laura, go and sing a song."

She put down the strip of cambric she was hemming, went to the piano, and began a French song that the major was very fond of. There was one thing that Mrs. Piper could not take from Laura—her education. It had been very superior indeed. Before the song was over, the door opened and a servant ushered in a guest.

"Mr. Grame."

Mr. Grame came in; a good-looking man of thirty, with a sensible face, broad brow of intellect, and gentlemanly bearing. Some twelve months before, when Master Bobby was attacked with scarlatina, Mr. Grame, recently established in practice in the vicinity, was called in to attend him. Bobby came out of the disorder triumphantly; Dolly also; and Mr. Grame had been intimate with the family since. Mrs. Piper liked him extremely, and she believed he was looking after Cecily. Regarding him as a rising man, she considered that Cecily might do worse; Cecily for some long while past had been encouraging the attentions of a middle-aged knight, with whom they were also intimate. But Sir Knight did not come forward with a proposal. She grew impatient, and turned her thoughts on Mr. Grame, wisely deciding that a young doctor in the hand was worth more than a knight in the bush. But she had not secured the doctor yet.

"You are quite a stranger," said Mrs. Piper, rising and welcoming him with warmth. "I don't think you have been here these two days."

"I do not think I have," he replied with a pleasant laugh. "I have been much occupied."

"Profitably occupied, I trust—taking fees from new patients," she said, half hopefully, half jestingly, as he shook hands with the rest, and approached Laura last.

Amid the bustle that arose on his entrance, Laura's voice had died away to silence. Her hands trembled, the rose-flush of love suffused her face; a thrill of the sweetest rapture stirred her heart. For it was Laura who induced the young doctor's visits, not Cecily; they were all-in-all to each other, and many a stolen love passage had passed between them. Mr. Grame knew nothing of Cecily's aspirations; he believed everybody must see where his hopes were given, and he would have asked formally for Laura long ago had his income justified it.

"Very profitably," he replied, touching Laura's hand. She had not turned round. There was a beaming look of hope in his eyes as they rested on hers. Laura went back to her seat and took up her work.

"You are busy, as usual?" cried Mr. Grame, as he stood by her. "That strip looks like a surgeon's bandage."

"It is a frill for Bobby," she said, with one of her sweet smiles.

At that moment the tea came in, causing another stir. Mr. Grame contrived that it should cover a few whispered words.

"Can you be down-stairs when I leave, Laura—at half-past nine? I want to speak to you."

She answered him with a look. Mrs. Piper chanced to see it, and her voice rang out harshly—"Laura! do you not see that the tea waits? Go and make it."

She was in the room below to time—a small study dedicated to the childrens' lessons. When Mr. Grame entered, Laura had Bobby's slate in her hand, correcting his exercise.

"I have got the place, Laura," he began—speaking of a post at one of the hospitals that he had been trying for. "Put that slate down, my darling."

"Bobby is so careless!" she cried, her face flushing crimson, her fingers trembling—for she had a suspicion of what he might be going to say.

"I know he is. I want to take you out of this house of worry, where you have more to do than you ought. The salary is a hundred a year, Laura, and I am making by my practice about two hundred and fifty; that's three hundred and fifty pounds in all. Shall you be afraid to try it?"

She made no answer; only looked down and played with her watch-chain, the dimples showing themselves about her mouth.

"Only three hundred and fifty as yet," he repeated. "Not much of a sum, I know, but I hope it will get larger with every year. Shall we risk it together, Laura?—shall you be afraid to come to me?"

"I shall think it riches," she whispered.

Mr. Grame came in the morning to lay his proposals before Major Piper. The major accepted them. As to the smallness of the income, he observed, that was their affair, and no doubt it would increase. Laura was called into the room; and the major, whose feelings had always been easily moved, burst into tears as he gave them his blessing.

"Laura will bring no money with her at present, Mr. Grame."

"I did not ask the question, sir," replied the doctor, with a smile.

"At my death, why, of course—of course—things will be—will be arranged," added the major, with considerable hesitation. "Laura will inherit a fair income then."

"I shall have six hundred a year," whispered Laura, in the few moments she and her lover were alone together after the interview.

"Six hundred a year!" echoed Mr. Grame, in utter surprise. For he had never heard or known that Laura had any fortune at all. In fact, he had been led, rather, to infer the contrary. Mrs. Piper had occasionally alluded to the "independent income of her dear girls; so different from poor Laura."

"It is my own money," consumed unconscious Laura to Mr. Grame, "it came to me from my mother. Papa enjoys it during his life."

She spoke in accordance with her assured belief. But, now, what was the real state of the case? The half of Laura's money was already demised to Mrs. Piper. Mrs. Piper had not thought it policy to try for the whole of it at once; but she intended to do that later.

The Italians have a proverb: "Miele in bocca, guarda la borsa;" but Mrs. Piper had decidedly not honey in her mouth, when she heard of the new engagement, though she meant to save the purse. To find that Laura was the object of the young doctor's visits to the house—Laura, and not Cecily!—took her entirely by surprise, and the surprise was not a pleasant one. It inflicted mortification on herself and Cecily; it might involve goodness alone knew what complication in regard to money matters, for Major Piper was getting, as she broadly put it, more soft than ever, and might perhaps be drawn into making them some allowance. So Mrs. Piper, taking the rule and the reins into her own hands, as though she were the head and master of the house, and went in wholesale for the "rights of women," quietly issued her edict for the cancelling of the engagement, and forbade it to be. She told Laura that the absurd thing was at an end utterly; she conveyed the same intimation to William Grame by letter, and forbade him the house.

Mrs. Piper was not one of those people who can be rebelled against. Her will was law. The major bowed down to it, and in his miserable vacillation confirmed what she said. He told the engaged lovers that he had consented too hastily; that upon reflection, he found that their marriage would be a mistake, and that he rescinded the consent. Laura would not marry in disobedience, and—there it was.

For some weeks the house was in this unhappy state. Laura, treated as though she were some sinful culprit, put upon, harshly spoken to, worked harder than ever; Mrs. Piper resolute; the major torn and tormented with conflict. He did not dare to oppose his wife; but he could not bear to see Laura's unhappiness, and her wan face. Mr. Grame came to the rescue. He obtained a private interview with Laura and begged her to emancipate herself from the misery, and become his wife in spite of them.

"It will be no sin, Laura; and, as I look upon it, no disobedience," he urged. "Your father welcomed the marriage for you; he gave us his blessing; and the opposition to it does not proceed from him, but from his wife. You owe no duty to her."

It was a sore temptation! The prospect of going to happiness out of that house of servitude and sorrow. But Laura had never been undutiful yet—and she loved her father.

"Let me talk to him once more, William," she said. "I cannot marry in opposition to him."

It chanced that that self-same night an opportunity was afforded. Mrs. Piper and her daughter went to some evening gathering, and the major was unable to attend

them. He sat, instead, over his bed-room fire, his feet in the fender, his head in some flannel garment of his wife's, and swallowing down quarts of gruel—for he had taken cold. Laura quietly told him what Mr. Grame was urging, suppressing her emotion as she best could. The poor, weak major, loving this child of his beyond all earthly things, held her hand as he listened.

"What have I done, papa, that this blight should be thrown upon my life?" she asked, with a rising sob. "If it were your will that we should not marry, I would not say a word, I would bow to it; but it is not. Oh! how different all would have been for me had mamma lived!"

His hand shook as he pressed hers. The semi-reproach was, of all things, most grievous to the major. It came home to him; he felt its truth.

"I shall be twenty-five next year, papa. I am getting older day by day. One only happiness has fallen into my later life—the love of William Grame and the expectancy of being his wife. Oh, do not, do not take it from me!"

"Hush, child!—if you begin to sob, I shall sob too; and I am so shaky and ill this evening. Look here—you and he must do it of yourselves, as he suggests. Get married without me, you know."

"And you—you will sanction it, dear papa!" she cried, her eyes moist with tears, her voice eager with thankfulness.

"Ay, I'll sanction it, child. And give you both my blessing from my heart; and I hope he'll take good care of you. But you must never betray this, Laura; it must lie between you and me and him."

And one morning in the early spring, Laura Piper went out of the house as though about to take a walk, and at the church door met Mr. Grame, who was accompanied by his brother and his sister.

Madam rose up in indignation when the news was carried home—Laura Piper had become Laura Grame. Major Piper shut himself up, and trembled uncommonly. For appearance' sake he railed a little at his daughter; but his wife did not suspect that private treason of his, then or later.

She did not forgive Laura; her bitterness against her was intense. The marriage she never would forgive as long as time should last; and the domestic affairs were all at sixes and sevens without Laura to control them, and Doll and Bobby ran wild. Never an hour of a day passed that she was not dinning Laura's iniquity into the major's ears. Yielding, weak, vacillating, Major Piper began to veer round to her opinions. He vowed that Laura was ungrateful and wicked; and he mentally told himself that it was unpardonably crafty of her to get over him that night when he was suffering, and cause him to say what he did say. In the reaction of feeling he went wholly over to Mrs. Piper, and wrote a stern epistle to Laura and Mr. Grame, casting them off forever, even forbidding them to dare to address him, did they by accidental chance meet out of doors. And his last final act was to be beguiled into accompanying his wife to a new solicitor's, one Mr. Pye, and give instructions for a fresh will, leaving her all he possessed.

Ah, what injustice takes place in the world! But for Heaven above to fly to for appeal and comfort, I don't know what some of us would do when it falls upon us.

Five years rolled away. For the first three of those years Mr. Grame and his wife had been completely happy, both in themselves and in their circumstances. Children were born to them; his practice increased; and he hoped he might in time be renowned as one of London's eminent surgeons. Major and Mrs. Piper had entirely flung them off; if by some accidental chance, as the major had expressed it in his letter, they met in the street, they passed as strangers. That was Laura's sole cause of grief; it was terrible to her to be held at variance by her father.

At the beginning of the fourth year a great misfortune fell on Mr. Grame. He was seized with rheumatic fever. It was not at all a common case, but dangerous, prolonged, and difficult. After months and months of acute suffering, he rose from his bed partially helpless, quite unable to pursue his profession. When he could begin to take it up again, even in a small degree, the second year from the time of his seizure was passing.

And how had they been supported? Looking back, Laura could scarcely tell; save that it had been by herself; her own exertions had supplied their daily wants. When any extra and pressing need occurred that she was unable to meet, something out of the house had been parted with. The furniture had not been superfluous in quantity or quality at first; it was very scanty now. Lessons in music, in French, in drawing, she gave—in anything, in short, that she could find pupils for; and by that means she obtained sufficient money to keep the wolf from the door. They had retained their home. To give up that would be the worst of all. Mr. Grame had been known there before; and when he could resume practice people might come back again. But it had altogether been a struggle and a trial, the full depth of which none but themselves had known; none ever would know. Even now, though Mr. Grame was, so to say, recovered, and waiting for patients, the battle with poverty raged fiercely; and Laura believed that in the end the house must be given up. Or, rather, that it would give up them.

One great comfort had arisen for her. In the darkest trials there generally steals in some gleam of sunshine. When Mr. Grame was at the worst, and Laura nearly beside herself with the weight that lay upon her—the daily teaching, the care of her husband, the care of her children, the insolence of the one young servant-maid, whom alone she could keep, and scarcely dared do that—she received a visit from the old servant Day. Day had left Major Piper's service soon after his new wife entered it, but she had never lost sight of the family; and she now came to Mrs. Grame in her affliction. "I have come to stay with you, Miss Laura," she said, coolly taking off her bonnet and cloak, "I shall not go away again till I see you through your trouble." And Day was there still, the prop and stay of everything; a wonderful help and comfort to Laura; and mortally offended if the subject of wages was hinted at.

But to get up a practice after once losing it is a work of time. Laura taught, and strove, and economized; but debt was gaining upon them.

They sat one morning at breakfast together, they and their two elder children; the baby, a year old, was somewhere with Day. They were eating dry toast and had weak tea; the little ones something that was called "sop;" bread soaked in hot water and some milk and sugar added to it. Laura's tears were dropping. When the heart and spirit have long been depressed, a slight accession of trouble will cause the grief to overflow. On the table lay an open letter from the landlord's agent; stating that unless the rent was paid within a week, he should be compelled to take steps to enforce it. They knew what that meant.

"Don't distress yourself, Laura," said Mr. Grame. "That will do no good. Eat your breakfast."

"I can't eat. It may be the end of everything," she went on. "Practice is beginning to come back now, and if you have to go to some obscure place you will never get up again."

He knew it was as she said. Almost life and death, as it seemed to him, hung on his being able to retain this house.

"William, I don't believe Sir Edward would press you for the rent if he knew the circumstances of the case. I believe he would give you time. Agents are always difficult to deal with; exacting the uttermost farthing."

"The agent has not been inconsiderate, Laura. He has let the rent run longer than could have been expected. But I do believe that, to remain on here, is my only chance of getting up in the world again."

"And how could we get more furniture, if we lost this?" she asked, in a voice of pain. "Willie, my little dear, there is no more sop; you have had your share."

Mr. Grame handed his last bit of toast to the boy; a bright little fellow, with long fair curls. He had no more appetite than his wife this morning.

"Me, too: me toast, too," struck in the other little one. And Laura gave over to him the piece she was trying to eat.

At nine o'clock she went out to give music-lessons at a school, the musical teaching of which she had obtained. When returning home at twelve, she, in passing hastily round the sharp corner of a street, ran against her father. This was the first time they had met thus closely. Each stopped involuntarily; and their hands, perhaps involuntarily also, went out to each other.

"Papa!"

"Laura!"

"It seems as though we had met on purpose!" thought Laura, in quite a glow of hope. For on and off, throughout the morning—nay, throughout many a morning and day past—had the idea been floating in her mind, that if she could dare to see her father, he perhaps might aid them in their dire strait.

"You are much changed, Laura!"

"Yes I know it, papa. Trouble has changed me. For these two years past, I have had nothing else but trouble."

"It was an unfortunate marriage, that of yours. If you had but been content to be single, Laura!"

"Papa—you know—you sanctioned it."

"Hush, child. I was very foolish, I fear; and I—I repented of it afterward. Why did you take advantage of my error?"

"You have changed too, papa," she said, quitting the unsatisfactory subject—for his after-conduct in regard to it had vexed her cruelly at the time and vexed her still. "You do not look well."

"I am getting old, you see, child. I shall be sixty-six this year. Age tells upon most of us."

She might well say he was changed! The once tall, upright form was now drooping and painfully thin, seeming to have no more strength left in it than a thread-paper.

"It all lies in my legs," remarked the major. "They'll hardly carry me; they give way under me sometimes. I had an attack of gout, Laura, some months ago, and it seemed to settle in my legs. But for this stick, I could not get along."

He pointed to the stout stick in his left hand. The other hand still held Laura's. In his glance as he regarded her, in his voice as he spoke to her there was a clinging tenderness, sufficient to prove that she was very dear to him still.

"Grame has been ill; has he not?"

"Very ill, papa; at one time I thought ill unto death. Until recently, he has not been able to exercise his profession for nearly two years. And the post he held at the hospital had to be given up."

The blue eyes of Major Piper, weak and watery eyes now, were gazing at Laura.

"How have you lived?" he asked.

"I have given lessons," she faintly answered, the reminiscence of their struggles bringing a sickness to her spirit. "It has but just kept us from starving, papa. I have three children."

"Poor Laura! poor Laura," he murmured in pitiful sympathy.

"The worst struggle of all is setting-in now. William is resuming his practice: he has quite recovered, though is not yet very strong. He has not things to make him strong," she passionately added: "good nourishment, ease of mind. Our great fear now is that we shall not be able to maintain a position—to remain in our home, in fact; and that is necessary if William is ever to rise again."

"There's trouble everywhere, I think," cried the major, dreamily.

"I—I was thinking—that perhaps you might help us, papa," she went on, with a catching up of the breath. "I was thinking of it before I met you. A good deal of rent is owing; and we are to be turned into the streets if we cannot pay it this week. Could we find part of it, say thirty pounds, or forty, they would, I am nearly sure, wait for the rest; they have already been considerate. And William feels convinced that in another year or so, if we can but tide that over, we shall be, with God's help, straight again."

"I have nothing for myself," spoke the major, in a flurry, as he dropped her hand.

"We don't mind privation, papa; we can put up with that cheerfully, if we may but stay in our home. It is the one chance left."

"Privation!" repeated the major, whose ideas were rather foggy upon the subject. "You don't look as though you lived plentifully, Laura. Have you had any breakfast this morning?"

"We had tea and dry toast: we cannot always afford butter. But all that is nothing, if we can but live in hopes that things will brighten. Oh, papa, if you would but help us with the rent!"

"I have not a pound at my command; I have hardly a shilling," he replied, in a shaky voice, as he laid his hand upon her arm to enforce the truth of the words. "There are so many outgoings at home, child; so many! I don't know how she makes both ends meet"—alluding to Mrs. Piper.

"You cannot tell what our struggle has been, papa," said Laura, imploringly. "Oh, if you could but do a little for me in this great need! I am your only child, papa, and you used to love me very dearly. What shall I do, I and my little children, when we are turned from our home?"

"But I can't; I can't, Laura. I would if I could. My dear, I'd like to pay everything you owe, and set William on his legs again; but I can't do it. I have no more power to help you, Laura, than has that ragged boy, playing marbles in the street."

She sighed deeply; she saw how it was; that he had really not the ability to aid her; and the one fluttering, doubtful hope was gone. She had no one else to apply to now. The whole world lay around her, but she stood in it friendless and helpless.

"I heard, papa, that I was never to have anything more from you again," she resumed, willing to know the worst in all ways. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" repeated Major Piper.

"That you have made a fresh will and left my name out of it."

The major's countenance took a most uncomfortable aspect. His brow went into wrinkles; he seemed not to know where to put his gaze. But of answer he made none. That one act of his, the willing away Laura's money, often pricked his conscience; he never thought of it without shame. Laura waited for him to speak; the rumor, that it was so, had reached her ears a long while ago.

"You see, Laura, when you went away and got married, Mrs. Piper said you did not deserve to inherit money; and I—I thought so too."

"The money was my own mother's, papa."

"Ay—yes. Well, good-bye, Laura. The world's full of perplexities."

Clasping her hand, he walked away as swiftly as his weak legs would carry him, a great pain at his heart. Laura dragged herself wearily home. She knew the worst now. Her money had gone from her.

That same night when she and her husband were sitting together alone, she told him what had occurred. There was no hope of help from her father. Mr. Grame said he had never, himself, thought of any help from that quarter. When a man was under the hands of such a woman as Mrs. Piper, he had neither will nor property of his own.

"But, to covet my money! to cause it to pass to her when papa shall be gone! Is it right, William?"

"It is wrong in the sight of Heaven and of man," emphatically pronounced Mr. Grame. "And, mark me, Laura! it will do neither her nor hers good, whoever lives to see it. Ill-gotten money never brings a blessing with it. Do not let it vex you, my dear. Things will come round."

Mr. Grame seemed to take the matter coolly and to be making light of untoward prospects generally—of the needed rent, of the prolonged struggles, of the lack of patients, of everything. Laura left him whistling a popular tune. But later, when she re-entered the room unexpectedly, she found him buried in gloom. He did not hear her come in, and she saw him as he was: the brow heavy with trouble, the relaxed hands hanging down, the lines of the face worn with perplexity; all suggestive of despair.

"Oh, William, don't!" she cried in alarm. "Don't you lose hope! That would be the worst of all."

"I was only thinking," said Mr. Grame. "Things will come round," she added, repeating the words he had used not long before; "I know they will, if we do but trust in God."

The great difficulty was, of course, the rent. Mr. Grame had no more means of getting it up then, or the half, or quarter of it, than a pump has of yielding wine. But that difficulty was tided over. Stimulated perhaps by a remark Laura had made, he plucked up face and courage, and went, a petitioning beggar, to the head landlord, Sir Edward Stuart: an old gentleman who was not wont to be troubled with business matters, and who granted him an interview with difficulty.

Mr. Grame, sitting opposite to Sir Edward in the handsome room, warm with its glowing fire, redolent of ease and comfort, laid his case before him. He spoke of his once rising practice and hopeful prospects; of his long and damaging illness, that had blighted them; of how they had, through his wife's exertions, struggled on and maintained their home; he told of the few patients beginning by degrees to come back to him, and of how he did hope and believe that he should be able to redeem all yet, if he might but retain that home, where he was known; if they went forth from it, he had no possible means of procuring another. He said all this, and he asked if that one sole stumbling-block, the back rent, might go on for another year.

Sir Edward, a little gentleman in a gray wig, felt quite uncomfortable. The words of the petitioner were so earnest, his voice and even his manner so full of ill-suppressed emotion, his tale so pitiful; and Sir Edward was not accustomed to be brought into personal contact with these histories of distress.

"I might lose the rent that is owing, after all, sir, you see," he observed. "And another year's added on to it."

"I trust in Heaven you would not!" spoke Mr. Grame, with a kind of shiver, as he mentally realized the possibility. "I could but come and ask you, Sir Edward. It is my only chance."

"Well, you may take it," said Sir Edward, after a pause. "I don't like to be the means of turning people from their houses, sir, though they are mine. I am getting old, you perceive; and I'd not like to have to think of it on my death-bed."

Mr. Grame went home with a heart as light as a feather. And there he found a note inviting him to meet the great Mr. Paget in consultation on the morrow. For a moment his face lost all its care.

"Laura, I think I shall really get on now."

It was summer weather. Gayety reigned at Major Piper's. Miss Fitztophet was at last going to make a grand match; a yellow gentleman from India, who was fifteenth cousin to a lord and had a mine of guineas as yellow as himself. Preparations for the marriage were in active process, and the major was not looked after quite as closely as usual.

Major Piper had said to his daughter, during that morning's accidental meeting, that his legs sometimes gave way under him. Whether the interview with her unnerved what little strength the legs possessed, certain it was, that he fell on the steps of his house as he was entering it, and injured himself rather severely. For some weeks he was a prisoner to his room; and during that confinement other symptoms manifested themselves that served to show his life would not be a prolonged one. He had ample leisure to reflect on many uncomfortable things connected with the past; and a vivid remorse for his unkind treatment of his daughter set in. Above all, that one unjust and cruel act, the willing away her own money from her, tormented his mind perpetually.

"What a fine spring day it is!" cried his wife to him, one day that she came up, and found him seated at the open window; for she made a point of being kind and civil to him.

"Ay," he replied. "It is the last spring I shall see."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Piper. She knew perhaps better than he, that he could not live to see another; but it lay not in her policy to let him know it. "Don't you trouble yourself with that idea, major."

"It doesn't trouble me. At least, it would not if I had always done what I ought to do. I am thinking of poor Laura."

Mrs. Piper, putting on a shawl at the moment, let it slip from her shoulders, and turned to face him, waiting for more.

"The money is Laura's," he went on—but in his better health and without this fear of death upon him, he had never dared to say it. "In justice she ought to have it when I am gone. Or—well—say the half of it."

"I do think you are demented!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper, after a stare and a pause. "Laura's money!—that ungrateful, brazen girl, who could throw you off, and run away from her home! The money is yours, Major Piper; always has been yours, and it will be mine after you."

"It was Laura's mother, you know. My first wife's."

"I am your wife now, major, and have been for many a year. It is your duty to provide for me."

"And they are so badly off," went on the major; thinking of Laura's troubles. "He has been ill and has lost his practice. They have to eat dry bread."

"Where have you learnt all this? What has put it into your head?"

"I met Laura the last day I was out, and she told me. She asked me how her money was left; I was never more ashamed than when I answered her."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Piper. "Well, she will not get the chance of worrying you again, so don't let it disturb you."

She spoke with the calm equanimity of a woman who knows she holds the game in her own hands. For was not the major's last will and testament, bequeathing all to herself, in her safe and proper keeping? The major turned his eyes to the window again, and looked out on the governesses and nurses walking in the square with their charges, feeling how supremely helpless he was in his wife's hands; that what he had done in his weak folly could not be undone. And he asked himself how he should dare to face Heaven with that wicked act amid his catalogue of sins.

But from that time Mrs. Piper held a tighter rein over her husband than ever. She watched him closely; she kept him, so to say, under lock and key. There was not the least chance that he would attempt to alter his will, but she took care that he should not get the possibility of doing it.

It was during this period of watching, which continued through the spring, that the match was made up between Cecily Fitztophet and the yellow man; and the preparations for the wedding were in full flow when the hot days of summer came in. Major Piper was better then; he could walk with the help of somebody's arm and his stick; and by the orders of his doctor he sat for two or three hours daily under the trees in the square. He had said no more about Laura, and Mrs. Piper assumed that the folly had passed off, and that his mind was at rest again. Still she looked after him effectually; and he could no more have held communication with a lawyer, paid one a visit, or summoned one to the house, than he could have gone to the moon.

To Bobby—a restless young gentleman of thirteen now—was deputed the task of assisting the major to the square. Mrs. Piper's orders were stringent. "Mind, Bobby, you are to stay with your papa; you are not to let him be for one minute out of your sight. You can play about and shout as much as you please, but you must keep your papa within view always."

There was no fear that the major could run away. His legs could not carry him a yard alone, though he willed it ever so; but it was well to be on the safe side.

For a day or two Bobby obeyed orders. But to stay still, in one confined spot, watching an invalid old gentleman who never spoke, was beyond the philosophy of a boy of thirteen—and Mrs. Piper ought to have known that. By degrees Bobby took to leave the major when he had seated him, and come back when it was time to convey him home. The intervening period was passed in careering about the streets with all the gamins he could pick up.

There the poor solitary major would sit in his corner of the bench, silent and absorbed; his mind ever dwelling upon the work that ought to be done, and that he was debarred from accomplishing. The image of his last wife came back to him like a hanting spirit, and her perfect trust in him that he would do right by their child; and Major Piper would wake up from his misery and groan aloud.

"If I could but unmake that wicked will!" he would cry with a shiver, lifting his imploring eyes to Heaven. "If I could but see Parkyns!—he might manage it. If I could but get him up here when I'm out on this bench!"

There is a good saying, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." While the major was sinking under the weight of remorse and incompetency, feeling that a chance to right Laura and to undo his own act of wrong existed not on earth, that very chance occurred to him. One sultry afternoon, just as Bobby had left him, and was gone off on his own devices, a neighbor, passing through the square, saw the major and crossed over to him. They were not intimate, but had sometimes stayed to chat when meeting in the street. This gentleman, a Mr. Mann, spoke feelingly, as he sat down by the major, of the change he observed in him and of his inability to get about.

"Ay, that's the worst of it, Mann—the not being able to get about," interrupted the invalid, with a wailing vehemence that astonished Mr. Mann. "I would give half I'm worth to be at Lincoln's Inn at this moment; and I—I cannot get there."

"Can I go for you?—is it anything I can do for you?" asked Mr. Mann, eagerly, in his pity.

"I—I think you might," hesitated the major, a hope breaking upon him like a ray of light. "It would be such a service to me."

"I will go with pleasure; go at once," said the gentleman, rising.

"Do you know Parkyns, the lawyer?—yes, everybody knows him. Tell him that I have great need to see him; to see him in private, you understand; and ask him to come to me to-morrow here. I sit out here on this bench from two o'clock till five every afternoon. If he can't come to-morrow, let it be the next day. And, Mann, you won't talk about it," added the major, lifting his hand and his eyes imploringly. "And tell him not to talk."

"Trust me, my good friend," was the answer, given with a pressure of the poor, weak hand. "I will do your bidding faithfully."

The result was, that on the following afternoon Mr. Parkyns, a tall, stout man, who walked with his head thrown back, appeared in the square. He had been the major's lawyer always; but the last will had been made by a friend of Mrs. Piper's, Mr. Pye. After talking together, Mr. Parkyns took his departure. In the course of another afternoon or two he came again, accompanied by two young men, one of whom carried a parchment deed; and the other had a pen and ink in his pocket. The major signed this deed, and the two clerks signed it; and in a few minutes the major was alone again, and his mind at rest. When Bobby came back at five, all flushed and panting, the major gave him sixpence.

Within a month, Major Piper was taken ill again; ill unto death. It was frightfully inconvenient of him; for it was the identical week that Cecily's marriage with the yellow man was coming off. For the major to go and die then, was, to say the least of it, unreasonable.

But death, unfortunately, is amenable to neither reason nor convenience. The medical men, two of them, hastily summoned, confirmed what indeed was apparent to all: Major Piper could not live the night through.

"I must see my daughter; send for my daughter," was the burthen of his cry. And Mrs. Piper could not, in the face and hearing of those renowned medical gentlemen, refuse. Neither did she much care to refuse; he was losing speech and consciousness rapidly, and the will, she knew, was safe.

Laura came, accompanied by Mr. Grame. Her presence seemed to revive her father. He clasped her to him as he took leave of her; he held Mr. Grame's hand within his feeble fingers. Both of them looked thin, and worn, and full of care. Patients were coming back to Mr. Grame, it was true; but the struggle was a frightful one yet; and of the rent neither of them dared to think.

"You will attend my funeral," murmured the dying man, looking at each of them anxiously. "I have not been to either of you what I might have been, but you'll forgive that, and follow me to the grave." And they both promised.

"And when I made my will—that my wife holds—I—"

"There, there!" interposed Mrs. Piper, "do not trouble about these things now."

"It leaves all from you, that will, Laura—"

"You must keep your mind tranquil," broke in Mrs. Piper again, with more peremptory decision of tone than we are wont to use to the dying. "Say no more."

"Well, you'll come and hear the will read after the funeral," sighed the major, yielding the point. "And you, too," he added, to the doctors.

"Yes, yes, of course they will come, major," once more interrupted Mrs. Piper. "It is all right."

"Parkyns has the will, you know. Somebody must send to him."

"His poor mind is wandering," lamented Mrs. Piper, in a whisper, fully assuming that, in the weakness of coming death, he was confounding his old lawyer with his new one. "It is Mr. Pye who holds the will. That is, the duplicate."

Mr. and Mrs. Grame went home at the dawn of morning. All was over then. Mrs. Piper, intending to be magnanimous, confirmed the invitation to the funeral, and whispered to Laura that she might order mourning to the amount of ten pounds.

"It is a cruel shame about that will, though," spoke Mr. Grame, pacing his carpet in an outburst of indignation. "Laura, my dear, I feel it for your sake."

"And a little money would so have helped us!" she said, with dry eyes and quivering lips. "I don't see how we are to keep on any longer."

"But for the funeral, mind, Laura, you should not touch a coin of that woman's offered money."

"No. But I could not get mourning without it."

The funeral took place; and all those invited by the deceased gentleman in his last hours, attended it; together with sundry other friends and connections. Mrs. Piper, secure in her position, could afford to be seemly. She had gone to the funeral herself, and she sat in the drawing-room, amid her friends and guests and children, afterward. Save that she wore a widow's cap, she was just the same decisive resolute Mrs. Piper as of yore. Her children were all in the deepest of mourning. Bobby especially. Apart from his sable clothes, Bobby had two black eyes, the result of an antagonistic encounter with some of his young friends, the gamins. The yellow gentleman had also been bidden, and sat by the side of Miss Cecily; but for the untoward calamity that had intervened, they would ere this have been man and wife. Mr. Grame and Laura were present, sitting near the two doctors.

The ceremony of reading the will was about to be gone through. Pye, the lawyer, stood at the table as large as life; or, at any rate, as large as a little weasel in spectacles can look. He was no doubt a worthy man in private life; and it was not his fault that he bore a strong resemblance to that insignificant animal.

"I hold the duplicate of this will," announced little Mr. Pye gratuitously, as he received the will from the hands of the widow, and proceeded to open it.

At that moment a most tremendous knock, loud and long, was heard at the front door, a tremendous ring accompanying it; quite startling the company out of all propriety. As one of them remarked, it was scarcely decent to come in that self-asserting way to a house from which its master had just been carried. A moment of suspense, and then Mr. Parkyns walked into the room, big and burly. Mrs. Piper knitted her brows at the intrusion, but civilly inquired what he wanted. The lawyer answered just as civilly that he had come to bring and to read Major Piper's will; which he produced from his pocket.

Some colloquy ensued between the widow and the two lawyers. Each of the gentlemen asserted that he produced the last will and testament of the deceased, and for a few moments they were at cross purposes. Upon referring to the respective documents, it was found that while Mr. Pye's was dated some five years before, that shown by Mr. Parkyns was made very recently.

"I don't understand it at all," gasped Mrs. Piper, a dreadful fear darting across her that she had been in some way overreached. "Major Piper has not executed any recent will, or attempted to execute one. He had not the opportunity of doing it."

"He made the opportunity, madam," said Mr. Parkyns. And he proceeded to explain, with candor, in what manner it was done. Sitting out in the square there, brooding ratner crossly on the injustice he had been guilty of to his only child, the major had sent for Mr. Parkyns. He had come down in answer to the summons, had taken instructions for the will, and had it made; and brought it down for the major to sign, together with two of his clerks to witness the signature. "All outside there on the bench under the trees in the square," related Mr. Parkyns, "and the poor major said that he could then die in peace."

Amid the various phases of consternation and the deep silence that fell upon the room, Mr. Parkyns proceeded to read the will. It was very short. The house and furniture and any money that might be lying at the banker's, were bequeathed to his wife, Cecilia Piper; but the six hundred a year that had been his first wife's, he left to his dearly beloved daughter, Laura Grame. Mr. Grame was left sole executor.

So justice was done at last, and Laura had her own.

As the full meaning of what this will implied—desolation—stole over the perceptions of the family, their emotion rose. Mrs. Piper shrieked and went into a semi-faint. The young ladies shrieked and sobbed. Mr. Pye shrank up to nothing in his discomfiture. The yellow man stared. Lawyer Parkyns turned to Mr. Grame, and was beginning to talk to him in an undertone, when the room was interrupted by sounds of woe. Mrs. Piper had suddenly darted from her chair, pounced upon the unhappy Bobby, and began shaking him to a mummy.

"It's all your fault, you wicked, ungrateful monkey!" she raved, boxing this ear and that. "Why did you leave him to himself on that bench, to do what he liked?"—Slap! slap! slap!

"Oh-o-o-o-oh!" howled Bobby. 'Twasn't me. Who was a-going to stop still in that confounded square forever? Oh-o-o-o-oh!"

"Our pains and sorrows are over, William," whispered Laura, with a sobbing sigh. "We can pay the rent now; and the children will have enough to eat."

"My dear wife, yes. You told me to trust in God."

Noble Ancestry.

An English paper says:—

"It is an amusing speculation to look back and compute what number of men and women among the ancients, clubbed their endeavors to the production of a single modern. Thus, a present nobleman, for instance, is 1; his father and mother were 2; his grandfathers and grandmothers were 4; his great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers were 8; the next predecessors will count 16; and, at the twenty-first remove, the figures reach the astounding number of 1,048,576. Here are only computed twenty-one generations, which, allowing three generations to one hundred years, carry us back no farther than the Norman Conquest, at which time each present nobleman—to exclude all ignoble blood from his veins—ought to have had one million, forty-eight thousand, five hundred and seventy-six noble ancestors! Carry this reckoning back three hundred years farther, and the number amounts to above five hundred millions, which are more than exist at any one time upon the earth, and shows that the pretension of such purity of blood in ancient families is a mere joke."

[The above mode of calculation is a very good instance of how figures can be made to lie. For it would prove that there were millions of times more people in the world at the time of Adam than now.—*Ed. of Post*]

The Foremost Tonic of the Age.—Taking into consideration the character of its vouchers, the history of its cures and its immense annual sales, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be fairly entitled the Foremost Tonic of the Age. It is not only a tonic but a constitutional and local alterative, and its tendency is to substitute healthy for diseased action throughout the system. If the stomach is feeble and torpid it produces a vitalizing impression upon its mucous tissues. No sooner has the dyspeptic swallowed a dose of it than he knows by his sensations that his stomach has received an accession of vigor. It increases the desire for food and the ability to digest and assimilate it. If the liver is derelict, it improves the condition of the organ and imparts to it a new and healthful impulse. The bowels being obstructed, it promotes the flow of the bile into the intestinal canal and thereby relieves them and re-establishes their natural action. Its effect upon the brain, the nerves and the kidneys is equally salutary. In short, it tones, alters and regulates the whole system.

CURES ALL KINDS OF CATARRH.

So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery proved, as a constitutional treatment for Catarrh, when coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, applied locally by the use of Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche (the only method of reaching the upper and back cavities of the head,) that the proprietor of these medicines has long offered a standing reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. The two medicines, with instrument, for $3 by druggists.

A SPECIMEN OUT OF THOUSANDS.

CORTLAND, Ill., April 28, 1873.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I make this statement to you that after taking medicine for twenty years for the Catarrh, I tried your Catarrh Remedy and effected a cure, so that it has not troubled me for two years. S. WHEELER.

STEALING OUR THUNDER.

People shou'd beware of those impostors who copy Dr. Pierce's original style of advertising, by offering various stand rewards for cases of Catarrh and other diseases which they cannot cure. Those who do not possess sufficient intelligence to write an original advertisement are not likely to have made great and valuable discoveries in Medicine.

No. 259. Tapeworm No. 259.

Removed in a few hours. No fee asked until the entire worm, with head, is expelled. Medicine harmless, being purely vegetable. Consultation free. DR. E. F. KUNZE, No. 229 N. Ninth st.
oct25-62t

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
nov5-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1874.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SUCCESS OF OUR NEW CHROMO!

MORE COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

Daisy Burns says of our Chromo, "*One of Life's Happy Hours*:

"It is indeed the most beautiful Chromo I ever saw. I thought 'Little Samuel' a gem, but words fail me here."

A gentleman writes to us:—

"The Chromos came all safe, and I delivered them. Every one seems delighted with them, and pronounces them real gems."

E. B. E., Jefferson, Md., writes:—

"I received by yesterday's mail the Chromos, all in good order, for which you will please accept thanks. The Chromo is indeed a beauty, and every subscriber is delighted with it.

"I have mine in a heavy gilt frame, and this I show to persons. I have been asked the question—'Will you sell it?' and my answer positively is 'no.'"

From the Norristown "Daily Herald," Dec. 27, 1873:—

"'One of Life's Happy Hours' is the title of the premium chromo now being issued by the *Saturday Evening Post* to all their yearly subscribers. In richness of color and artistic execution, it is ahead of anything in that line we have yet seen, and could not be had at a picture store for less than the subscription price of the paper. The *Post* is one of the largest and best literary weeklies published, and only its large circulation enables the publishers to give a copy of this chromo to every subscriber.

Mrs. E. E. A., San José, California, writes:

"Please accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful Chromo, 'One of Life's Happy Hours'—truly named, as every mother will say. Those hours of innocence and joy come but once in a child's lifetime. I received the picture Christmas, and so it is a veritable Christmas gift. With your very valuable and interesting paper, and such charming Chromos, it is no wonder that you have so many subscribers. I have hung it over my writing-table, and when tired it will refresh me to gaze on such a beautiful picture."

Mrs. G. L., Perry Co., Illinois, writes to us:—

"I am now forty-seven years of age, and have been a constant reader of your valuable paper since childhood. The Post has been our family paper for years, and so highly do we prize it, that not a single copy has ever been destroyed. The Post, with the premiums, has filled our home with choice reading, and beautiful pictures. To show how much we appreciate The Post, please find enclosed the amount for four copies of the paper, for myself, and three daughters, who say they *must have the* POST."

Nobility of Character.

Herein is the true secret of the nobility of character. The habit of acting from the highest considerations is that which makes a man noble. Nobility may be conferred upon men in only one way. The recognition of it may be conferred upon them. The king lays his sword upon a man's shoulder and calls him a knight; but he was a knight before he was knighted, or he would not have received the title. It was the heroic endurance, the death-defying courage, the skill and coolness with which he achieved his notable deeds, that made him knight. He was in himself royal and noble, and the king, seeing it, said to all men, "I see it," when he laid his sword on his shoulder. The thing itself was wrought out. If you make nobility hereditary, see to it that you bring up your children to be as noble as their fathers were. Otherwise, nobility becomes a mere occasion. For nobles' sons are oftentimes monkeys, they themselves being clods. And where kingship, or earlship, or knightship descends, as a matter of course, it may or may not descend nobly. We have families in America that from fathers to sons are historical, all of them having the same superior traits and excellences; and these families are noble. Nobility is the power of doing everything, little or great, from the highest motives. It is not merely doing hard things. Many people seem to think that nobility consists in doing something that other people cannot do; but it consists in bringing to bear motives which common and vulgar men do not know how to use.—*Beecher.*

French Children.

The garden of the Tuileries is peopled at all hours of sunshine with, to me, the most lovely objects in the world—children. They move my heart always, more than anything under Heaven; but a French child, with an accent that all your paid masters cannot give, and manners, in the midst of its romping, that mock to the life the air and courtesy for which Paris has a name over the world, is enough to make one forget Napoleon, though the column of Vendome throws its shadow within sound of their voices. Imagine sixty-seven acres of beautiful creatures (that is the extent of the garden, and I have not seen such a thing as an *ugly* French child)—broad avenues stretching away as far as you can see, covered with little foreigners (so they seem to *me*) dressed in gay colors, and laughing and romping and talking French, in all the amusing mixture of baby passions and grown-up manners, and answer me—is it not a sight better worth seeing than all the grand palaces that it contains?—*N. P. Willis.*

Shall Winter be Friend or Foe?

The northern nations who have this question to answer, this adversary to challenge them at regular intervals and give them no peace except they conquer it, are the leaders of the race in all things; from which it is clear that winter is good, and all we have to do is to make good use of it. The first consideration is a refuge in which to rally our forces. This is what we want of a house, to shelter and minister to us until we are in condition to welcome winter as a friend; not to be a place of ignoble retreat. The pioneer houses of the country probably answered their purpose better than most modern dwellings, tested by the health of their occupants.

Better for their very imperfections. Loosely built, ventilation took care of itself. The air entered at innumerable crevices, and the open fire drew into its current and sent up the chimney every noxious element, doing the work of purification thoroughly. In the Hebrides islands they have no consumption, though they live, as we should think, to the last degree uncomfortably—the fire in the middle of the one room, and an opening in the roof above for a chimney. Incessant, unmitigated cold draughts there must be, but the lungs are not harmed; it is on the mainland, where better houses are built, that consumption finds its victims. Without going back to the discomforts of primitive living, we can revive its best feature, the open fire. There is no more perfect ventilator known, and the use of it increases in modern buildings; numbers of small plain houses have low-down grates for coal, where the supreme luxury of blazing wood is not to be thought of.

Still the open fire is not as much used as it ought to be and will be when its importance is realized. Poor and hard-working people, especially those whose work keeps them in-doors, will count it worth its cost in adding to their best capital, health. If the room is small and low, and the liberty of going out any way abridged, all the more important becomes the open fire.

This difficulty of thorough ventilation, only beginning to be met and conquered, accounts for the prevalence of consumption in northern latitudes. The necessity of in-door life, with all its disadvantages, is quite reason enough; and until the winter arrangements of houses are very much improved, the vitiated atmosphere that fills them will continue to be a prolific source of lung diseases. That the changes of weather are injurious of themselves, is not at all probable. With proper protection cold is invigorating, the blustering wind a tonic, the dreaded east wind peculiarly delicious, except to human hot-house plants. "Of all the airs that blow," the most refreshing is that which sweeps inland bearing on its stormy wings the briny fragrance and the welcome inspiration of the wide, wild seas. It smites the weary brow and thrills new life through the veins like a bold Viking's challenge. Charles Kingsley has written some stirring lines that sound its praise in trumpet tones. The winter winds may be too much where there is actual disease; but if the case were mine I should use a veil to break their force, and at least try facing them all with undaunted front, sure that their roughness only smites to heal. To cower "under the weather," is a mean feeling enough, best avoided by braving the weather, in season and out of season. Many a consumptive who would have died young if he had succumbed pusillanimously to the tyrannous caprices of our climate, has encountered them all, regardless of exposure, and conquered his inherited tendencies, living out a life of average health and duration. This is attested by the healed-over scars of diseased lungs found in subjects that have recovered from consumption, and afterward died of some other complaint. The poet Willis believed in this heroic treatment of hereditary weakness, and attributed the health he enjoyed to his out-door life, much of it on horseback, at his beautiful country home, Idlewild. Harriet Hosmer was another consumptive, who was brought up like a boy in the open air, and so came off victorious, and did good work in her chosen field of art. Her dress was somewhat boy-fashion, as well as her sports, else there would have been no success. All her father's skill and her own will would not have saved her if she had pinched those weak lungs of hers in a tight-fitting basque, or burdened herself with dragging skirts. Under the disabilities usually assumed by women it would be vain to struggle for life. Useless to walk against the winter winds, bearing whole burdens and breathing half breaths, getting chilled, instead of invigorated. The lungs must have fair play, and the precious reserve of strength used faithfully, not wasted in carrying dry goods.

Since consumption sweeps off more victims than many other maladies put together, there must be a great deal of ignorance as to the causes that produce it. The rigors and caprices of our northern seaboard have come in for a large share of blame. It would be well at least to consider the possibility that they are not hurtful but useful by giving tone to the system—a healthful shock to the sluggish circulation induced by sedentary pursuits. The pure and uniform temperature of large airy houses has been tried with indifferent success. Even the "Life under Glass," so glowingly pictured by a New England writer, might fail to restore health, missing the tonic of the changeful breezes, the strengthening salute of the rough north wind. Roofing over the side-walks of Boston with glass that the ladies might promenade and do their shopping in comfort, and enclosing vast spaces of ground in the same manner for invalids to walk serenely under the palms, amidst the flowers and fruits of the tropics, while the baffled New England winter raved without, would be luxurious certainly, but perhaps not more conducive to health than nature's own arrangements.

Moreover these are ready to be tried, while that enchanting fairy land, glassed apart from the rude hardship of the world, is only a poetic dream, awaiting its trial among the possibilities of the future. Life in the open air, as hardy a life as practicable, should be the aim of all who fear consumption. To them the quality of the air they breathe is all-important. They cannot afford to cheat the lungs of their rightful claim, presented every moment, to the fresh draught of life in each breath of pure air. S. P.

ROSES AND LADIES.—A well-known German florist related, in a high state of irritation, his troubles in this way. He said: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy rose; dey vants him hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him moontly, dey vants him fragrand, dey vants him nice gooler, dey vants him efery dings in one rose. I bopes I am not vat you calls von uncallant man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas young, dat vas clever, dat vas handsum, dat was perfection in one ladies.' I see her much not."

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE SCUM OF HUMANITY.

This winter of hard times brings prominently to the surface all the dangerous elements of civilization. The most dangerous element in any country, is the class of dead-beats, high and low, who will beg, steal, starve, swindle, fight and murder, anything under the heavens before they will work for their living. The only difference between the high-up dead-beat and the low-down dead-beat, is that the high dead-beat steals on a grand scale, and the low dead-beat steals on a small scale. The high dead-beat gets his iniquitous claws on a whole country, and steals millions at a time, through railroad rings, land-office rings, city improvement rings, Indian agency rings, and those things. The low-down dead-beat steals twenty-five cents out of the till of a bakeshop, and goes off and makes himself drunk on bad whisky, and sleeps in a station-house for a lodging; but he's just as good as the well-dressed dead-beat who steals millions.

The high dead-beats have had their day. Any time in the last ten years, they have been in high feather. The high dead-beats have had America all their own way till they have brought panics and wholesale starvation upon it, and now the low-down dead-beats are having their day. Turn about is fair play. Of the two, the high dead-beats are more dangerous than the low-down dead-beats. You feel more afraid of the low-down dead-beat when you meet him out, but he's not half so dangerous as the other. He doesn't sap the foundations of a nation's honor and honesty, and sneak in and destroy a nation's credit, and make her good name a by-word among other nations, and then skip out and leave the country for his health, followed by the cries of widows and the curses of suffering working-men and women whom his vile thievery has ruined.

The high dead-beat does that. The low-down dead-beat doesn't. He hasn't sense enough.

The low-down dead-beat is civilization's ward. Civilization—half-civilization, has made him what he is, and she has to take care of him. She has her hands full this winter. Doubtless the main task of every city in the United States at present is to provide for the destitute. Street-beggars and dead-beats of every cut are familiar sights in city and country. They hang to the skirts of city charity like barnacles upon an old ship. You cannot go in the street but they approach you, almost always with the professional beggar whine, and importune you to "gimme" this or that.

A few days ago I saw three little barefoot girls begging in the street. What a shocking thing! you will say, at first blush. No, my friend, it wasn't shocking at all, at least not in the sense you mean. In the first place, it wasn't a bit cold, that day, here in our city. I myself have gone barefoot from choice, when a child in the country, many a day as cold as that was. In the next place, the three girls had dirt enough on their feet to keep them warm, even if it had been a much colder day than it was. In the third place and finally, it is ninety-nine chances to one that all three of them had good shoes at home. Except their dirty bare feet, they were in all respects quite comfortably clad. But there was one feature about this street-begging which was shocking, sure enough. That was that the three girls were very plainly frauds and swindlers. You read it in every look of their bold, bad, dirty faces—faces at once brassy and sly. You read in the hypocritical whine of their voices that they were vicious little swindlers, every one of them. And that was the part which was painful to look at, even, to a thoughtful person, to think that little girls of ten and twelve years old, who ought to be everything pure and bright and pretty, were lying, dirty dead-beats at that tender age. They sidled up to each well-dressed passer-by, with a sly leer on their faces, and whined:

"Please, missis, gimme some money to buy me some shoes"—or "Please, mister, gimme some money to buy me some shoes."

Whether the person appealed to gave them money or not, the little wretches darted off with a loud, impudent giggle, and waited for the next passer-by.

On the next street was a woman begging, telling a pitiful tale, in the midst of which a policeman came and tapped her on the shoulder, and marched her off to the station-house. If there is any such thing as total depravity on earth, that woman had certainly reached it, for as sure as you live, the creature had gone to church that morning to confess her sins, and while humbly and contritely confessing her many short-comings, had actually stolen the altar cloth from the altar, and a holy candlestick with it! I never heard of such a piece of diabolicalness in my life.

"Oh! no, no! yer honor. I wouldn't do such a thing for me life! But I know who did do it, yer honor. 'Twas the woman that was with me."

"But it has been traced to the shop where you pawned it—so march along, old lady," says the policeman.

I have seen so many of the capers of this beggarly trash that my heart has become as hard and leathery as a cold potato. There are hundreds of men living comfortably on the charity of our own city this winter who don't do a week's honest work in a year, and who wouldn't work if the work was laid before them, and somebody would beg them on his knees to do it. They will steal, play confidence games on people, or even murder for money, if they can do it in the dark, without being found out, but work they never will. These low-down dead-beats have a spite at all rich people just because the rich people are rich, and think themselves ill-used and ground into the earth because they are poor. They don't consider how honorably the wealth may have been earned, and that they too might have been rich if they had worked hard enough. Oh, no! The rich man is their sworn enemy just because he is rich.

This dangerous, desperate class of dead-beats is turned loose upon America this winter, ready for any desperate deed. The cities feed and shelter them, otherwise we would have already had some interesting bread riots, and a touch or two of the Paris Commune. If we don't have it yet before the winter is over, it won't be the fault of certain vicious knaves who are now plotting in all our cities.

"I wouldn't mind seeing a bread riot," said one of these spiteful lunatics—"I'd like to see them brown-stone fronts come down."

Now, I don't live in a brown-stone front, and never expect to, though I don't deny that I'd like to. But I do think that any civilized man who would say a thing like that ought to be gagged and put in a lunatic asylum. Such a spirit is the spirit of Satan himself, for the person who would wilfully mutilate and destroy anything beautiful, just because he can't own it himself, is devilish, and nothing else. And the country is full of just such devils as that this winter, going from city to city, trying to stir up the lazy, discontented idiots who live at the public soup-houses, upon the charity of the "brown-stone front" people. The crazy fools! If we should have a fine mob, and destroy the brown-stone fronts, and the rich men's factories and work-shops, the rich men themselves would then be destitute, and the poor wretches wouldn't even have soup-houses any longer.

I notice that one of these devilish plotters who are now trying to bring bread riots and those fine things on the country, recently made a speech to a gang of so-called "working-men" in Chicago, in which he said he would like to disembowel his employer. Pretty talk that is to scatter among an ignorant, brutal rabble!

Everybody can't be rich in America, to be sure, because everybody hasn't the necessary shrewdness or stinginess. But every human creature in this country can earn a comfortable living, if he works for it. There is bread enough in America for everybody who will work for it. And it is such wicked nonsense to talk of mashing in brown-stone fronts, dividing the wealth of the country, and that sort of stuff. If each man and woman of that rabble whom we see on the streets and in the soup-houses had a present of fifty thousand dollars to-morrow, it is probable that in a year's time they wouldn't have a cent of it left. It would all go into pawnbroker's shops and whisky shops.

Thank God this country isn't Europe—and thank God that almost every man and woman who tries can earn a comfortable living here. It's hard on us all this winter, to be sure, yet a little patience and industry will soon tide our beloved country over the evils which the high dead-beats have brought upon us. Meantime I only wish those pestiferous Internationals who came over here to stir up the scum of humanity, would go back where they came from and mind their own business. ZIG.

WHO KILLED THE ATLANTIC!

Who kill'ed the Atlantic,
And Boston made frantic?

"'Twas I," said Cock Robin,
His little head bobbin',
"I killed the Atlantic."

Who bled it well?
"I," said gay Dr. Holmes,
"With my essays and poems,
I bled it well."

Who wept bitter tears?
"I," said Marjorie Daw,
That woman of straw,
"I wept bitter tears."

Who thought it "better than?"
"I," said "Old and New,"
"There was scant room for two,
I thought it 'better than.'"

Who proved it wasn't descended from a monkey?
"Great Agassiz's dead,"
A ghostly voice said,
"It cannot be proved!"

Who thought it might be saved?
"I," said kindly Friend John,
So gentle of tone,
"I thought it might be saved."

Who knew it would be ——?
"I," said blatant Ben Brassy,
So gallant and gassy,
"I knew it would be ——!"

Who said its fate was just?
The dark shade of Byron
Dashed his stern hand his lyre on,
And said, "It is just!"

Who raised it from the dead?
"We," said the two li'ls,
"Both body and breeches,
We raised it from the dead."

Who can kill it again?
"I," said jaunty Cock Robin,
His little head bobbin',
"I can kill it again." H. P.

Thoughts from George Eliot.

The man who awakes the wandering tremulous passion of a young girl always thinks her affectionate.

There are various orders of beauty, causing men to make fools of themselves in various styles, from the desperate to the sheepish; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you.

We look at the one little woman's face we love as we look at the face of our mother earth, and see all sorts of answers to our yearnings.

Love has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek; it is pleased with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.

It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty.

A melody strikes us with a new feeling when we hear it sung by the pure voice of a boyish chorister.

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

Melodies die out, like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory; we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long-past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot; but is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only *believe* in the joy of childhood. But the first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odor breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch to tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.

The Power of Language.

It is remarkable how some writers can adorn the most commonplace subject with the flowers of poesy, and make it a joy forever. We read in a contemporary that a highly-esteemed citizen of Franklin, "who has dwelt upon this sublunary sphere for the term of seventy winters, and in that time had the mingled grief and pleasure to lay three wives where the flowers of spring could grow over them, and the dews of summer sparkle like a robe of diamonds about them, recently took to himself a fourth partner of his joys and sorrows in the person of a charming widow, who has deposited two matrimonial ventures in a place of perpetual security, and gazed on the blushing roses of seventy-five summers."

THE DAY THAT IS DEAD.

My day, my golden day that is dead,
How the birds in its dawning sang;
What a sunny light from its sky was shed,
When it and my life were young;
The lilies have never breathed half so sweet,
Nor the roses glowed half so red,
Since they fringed the path for our happy feet,
In the day, the day that is dead!

There was never a jar in the music then,
And never a thorn in the flowers;
And falsehood and coldness were rare and mean,
Or floated like April showers;
The past was as calm as the present was bright,
Our the future hung no dread;
No mist crept over the full free light
Of the day, the day that is dead!

And oh, in the cold, reluctant ray
Of the pale November weather,
As I painfully toil on the arid way
We trace no more together;
How the sad heart yearns for what ne'er returns
As the lonely tears are shed,
Where under the clustering immortelles,
Sleeps the golden day that is dead!

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—A comparatively small matter sometimes causes a great excitement in a village. Last Monday morning, about half-past one o'clock, the citizens of New Castle were aroused by a succession of shouts, followed by firing of pistols and the springing of a watchman's rattle. In a few moments the entire population was in the street and everybody hurried to the place from whence the noises came. When they reached Pitman's house they saw Pitman leaning out of the window turning a rattle furiously and bolloing at the top of his voice, while every now and then he would brandish his revolver and fire it half a dozen times. The policemen felt certain that burglars were in the house, and while they were bursting open the back window to capture the thieves a rumor spread that the house was afire. In two minutes the engine was on the ground, a ladder was raised and they had a stream playing through the third story window, and meanwhile a telegram was sent asking for assistance from the Wilmington fire department. As the policemen entered the back window the firemen kicked down the front door and rushed in, followed by the crowd. Pitman met them on the stairs, and the mayor of the town said, "Pitman, what on earth is the matter?" Pitman danced around for a minute, and then he shouted, "Come in, boys; come right in and see it." "See what?" demanded the crowd. "Why our baby. It's just got its first tooth. Come right up and let's have a tearin' old time." As the conviction grew stronger that Pitman was intoxicated the crowd gradually dispersed and went home. Good judges estimate that that tooth will cost Pitman about four hundred dollars for damages; and Mrs. Pitman intimates that subsequent dental appearances in the child's mouth will be concealed from Mr. Pitman until he gets sober.

—It is now asserted that the cholera which appeared in the southwest last season was of an entirely new type, and that it has never been seen in any country but this. We are the most inventive people on earth. When we do have a disease we get up a new variety of our own and keep it to ourselves. There is Busby for instance. He has just invented a new bunion which is warranted to foretell rain in any climate and to hurt worse than four bunions of the old kind. Busby has taken out a patent for the invention, and none are good unless they have Busby's trade-mark stamped on them. In introducing this article to the public we may with confidence assert that no man who wants a bunion which will ache in good solid earnest, which will ache straight ahead for months at a time, can afford to neglect Busby. He makes them of all sizes from that of a door knob up to that of a candle box. The Busby bunion is certain to take the prize at the Centennial Exposition. One bunion placed on the foot of Old Probabilities in Washington would enable him to tell with certainty when it is going to rain in Peru.

—An Indian named Squatting Bear came into Omaha the other day and while he was in a condition of intoxication somebody induced him to go in and take a Turkish bath. The next day he went home. As he approached the camp a squad of Indians rushed at him and began to shoot arrows into him and to hack him with their tomahawks. He yelled for them to stop, and asked them what they meant by treating him in that manner. He declared that he was Squatting Bear. They received the statement with derision. But as he insisted upon it, they took him to his wigwam to see what his squaw had to say about it. That amiable woman instantly darted at his hair and began to fumble among it with a carving-knife, while his dog bit a coffee-colored chop out of his left leg. Then they took him away and killed him. It was the first wash he had had since 1827, and it was too much for him. His fate affords an impressive warning against the folly of a sudden change of habits. Let our readers who have not used soap since 1827 beware how they begin the practice now.

—We have for many years hoped that some scheme would be discovered for the utilization of grandfathers. A dead grandfather at present is an absolute waste. He is interred, and that is the end of him. Waste is abhorrent to science, and it therefore behooves us to consider how it can be prevented in these cases. Two plans now present themselves. At the last meeting of the Snyder County Agricultural Society, the man who for years has taken the first prize for grapes disclosed the secret of his success, by stating that he had his grandfather planted around the roots of his grape-vine. This opens up a vast field for experiment in one direction, and we are now glad to learn that a Denver man named Brown, having exhumed his grandfather and found him in a petrified condition, is now exhibiting him around the country at ten cents a head admission. Which method is better we cannot say. We have no preference. But those who cannot determine the fact might, for instance, plant their paternal grandfather by their grape-vine and petrify their maternal grandfather for show purposes. It may not be amiss to state that there is no objection to putting a great grandfather by the grape-vine roots. The result is the same as when the example of the Snyder county man is exactly imitated.

—Dr. Jones's wife was awakened by a noise in her room the other night, and when she sat up in bed she saw the doctor standing over the arm-chair in the room. He had a towel tied around one of the legs of the chair, and with a handsaw he was cutting it in half. Mrs. Jones exclaimed—

"Henry, what in the name of common sense are you doing?"

"H-s-s-h," replied the doctor, "you'll wake the patient. You hold the chloroform to his nose while I take his leg off. I'm about half through the bone now."

Then Mrs. Jones got out of bed and shook him, and pinched him until he woke. Then he exclaimed—

"How's the patient?"

Mrs. Jones merely said, "come to bed, you idiot, and stop hacking up the furniture."

"Gracious, Maria," said the doctor as he collected his scattered senses, "do you know I thought I was in the hospital sawing off a leg that had a compound fracture! There's a fifty dollar fee gone."

And Jones went to bed feeling as if he was an injured man at having lost that money.

—If the Centennial Exposition is to be made successful we will have to make Fairmount Park more attractive. We want some startling curiosities placed in it, and we suggest that it would be a good thing to have a genuine volcano in a state of active eruption. No doubt there are plenty of good second hand volcanoes lying around in Italy and Mexico and such places, which could be brought up for a trifle, and sent on here. And then we ought to have the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Nobody out there cares anything about it, while if it were here it would be seen by hundreds of thousands of people, and then after the exposition was over we could cut it up into sections and sell it to people who wanted ready-made cellars and bungholes.

—An article upon "Giants," which appeared recently in an English weekly journal, contains this extraordinary assertion: "Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs." If this is true, then we have been grossly deceived. Ever since our childhood we have been taught to believe that whales had legs, and we imagined that the recent extraordinary advance in the price of pantaloons was caused by the preparations of the whales for cold weather. But it seems that we were misled. Thus it is that the cherished idols of our youth are swept away one by one! We could give up our faith in the reality of William Tell, and in the genuineness of the story about Washington's little hatchet without a sigh; but it is hard, very, very hard to surrender our belief in whales' legs.

—A Liverpool hospital refuses to accept a gift of a thousand pounds until the donor gives his name. The hospital is perhaps right; but if the man offered the money to us, we think that by making a desperate effort to overcome our scruples, by crushing out our conscience and permitting the reckless wickedness of our nature for once to have full sway, we might find ourself in such a frame of mind that we would be willing to accept the money if the man merely gave his *nom de plume*. We know it would be wrong, but we are afraid we would do it.

DOGS IN COUNCIL

A FRENCHMAN'S OBSERVATIONS ON DOGS AND CATS—SAGACITY OF ANIMALS DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

It is a curious question whether animals take notice of the events which are passing around them, but which, nevertheless, are apparently outside the sphere of their instinct. M. Theophile Gautier, the well-known French journalist and writer, has raised this question in regard to the animals which were in Paris during the siege; and he brings forward several facts, which he says fall under his own observation, to prove that they not only took notice of passing events, but regulated their movements accordingly. He observes that the dogs took notice, from the very first day, of the abnormal condition of Paris. The unusual movements of the inhabitants, the almost universal change from civil to military costume, the exercising of the mobiles and the national guards on the public parades, the continual sounding of the trumpet and beating of drums kept them constantly excited and uneasy and set them to reflecting. Some of them, refugees from the suburbs, with their masters, visibly lost their power of finding their way about. They hesitated in the choice of streets, were uncertain of the traces, scented their path, and at every corner consulted some other dog that lived in the neighborhood. The suburban dogs were scared at the noise of passing vehicles and ran from them, while the city dogs scarcely took the trouble to get out of the way of the wheels. "Every morning," says M. Gautier, "there assembled before our door what appeared to be a council of dogs, presided over by a broad-backed, bandy-legged, brown and yellow terrier. The other dogs paid him great deference, and listened to him attentively. It was evident that he spoke to them, not after the manner of men, in an articulate language, but by short barks, varied mutterings, pursing of the lips, movements of the tail, and expressive play of the physiognomy. Every now and then a new comer seemed to bring news; and the council commented on it, and after awhile dispersed." This went on during the first month or two of the siege, when bread was plentiful, the stock of beef was still considerable, and the dearness of forage rendered horse meat abundant. The animals did not suffer then; but soon things began to change, and their rations diminished as those of men did.

The poor creatures could not understand it, and gazed at their owners with wondering eyes when their meagre pittance was placed before them. They seemed to ask what they had done to be so punished. Many masters abandoned their dogs, not having the courage to kill them; and these animals were to be seen at night wandering, like shadows, near the wall, and trying to induce kind-looking persons to have pity on them. M. Gautier says he was continually followed by them, they uttering faint cries all the while, and sometimes venturing to put their noses to his hand. Soon they began to perceive that people looked at them in a strange manner, and, under pretence of caressing them, felt their flesh, as a butcher would, to ascertain if they were in good condition. The cats perceived this sooner than the dogs did, and became exceedingly cautious as to whom they allowed to touch them; on the least quick movement they fled to the roof or cellar; but at length the dogs "smelt a rat," and ran away when any one called or whistled to them. The canine council, before mentioned, diminished daily, and there soon remained no one of its members but the dreaming terrier, who, however, was only dreaming in appearance; for in reality he was always on the guard, scenting danger afar off, and showing his heels at the approach of any one at all suspicious.

"Two things that have been and shall be no more,
The things that are and that hereafter shall be,
The things that might have been and yet were not,
The fading twilight of great joys departed,
The daybreak of great truths as yet unclear,
The intuition and the expectation
Of something which, when come, is not the same,
But only like its forecast in man's dreams—
The longing, the delay, and the delight
Sweeter for the delay: youth, hope, love, death,
And disappointment which is also death—
All these make up the sum of human life,
A dream within a dream; a wind at night
Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost it cannot find."

HOW LOOKED THE EARTH?

BY INA D. COOLBIRTH.

How looked the earth unto His eyes,
So lately closed on Paradise?
Clad all in purity
Of snowy raiment, as a bride
That waiteth for her lord to see—
That waiteth in her love and pride?

Was the snow white on fields and rocks,
Whereon the shepherds watched their flocks
In the mid-winter night?
And saw the angel clothed in white,
The heavenly gates that opened wide,
In midst whereof was One
They dared not gaze upon?
Snow hither, thither, and afar,
Beneath the new mysterious star?
Snow upon Lebanon,
Whose cedars stood, a crystal not
Of frost-work, beautiful to see?
Snow upon Olivet—
Snow upon awful Calvary?

Found He it fair to look upon,
Beneath the wooing of the sun,
The turf whereon He trod?
Did He not bend His glance to greet
The daisy glancing from the sod?

The lily slim and tall,
The fern by banks of sheltered nooks,
The singing voice within the brooks,
Each slender blade of grass that sprang,
The tender shade of leafy ways,
Each little bird that sang
Its wee heart out in praise—
I think He found them sweet—
He knew and loved them all?

—*Overland Monthly.*

THE GHOST OF NORMAN PARK; OR, Two Women Wronged.

BY MARY ATHERSTONE BIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

The day wore heavily away. Sir John had sealed the depository which he and his accomplice supposed still contained the signature for which they had plunged so deep in crime.

Lady Norman continued in the same state of stupefaction, partly lulled by mild narcotics, partly stunned by the excess of grief, and occasionally broken by wild paroxysms of agony which seemed as if they could only terminate in death or madness.

The servants, finding that Mrs. Briggs's usually strict discipline was relaxed, spent the time in whispered conversations in which everything that had happened, and much too that had not, were anxiously discussed. Among these subjects the second apparition of the ghost, as vouched for by Tom Warren, drew a large share of attention.

Then there was a visit from the coroner and several justices of the peace, besides many inquiries, cards, and condolences from numerous neighbors who had heard that an accident had happened, and came to proffer friendly services, should such be required.

Toward evening another whisper circulated through the house, to the effect that Sir John's flushed face and glittering eyes were due to his frequent libations, rather than to the fever of grief and anxiety brought on by his old friend's death and his wife's illness.

"Old Downey has been drinking like a fish too," remarked the butler, who had just communicated this interesting piece of intelligence, "but Lord! it takes no effect upon him, no more than if you was to pour so much good liquor into an old leather bottle. I should not wonder one bit if they was to sit up and make a night of it."

Contrary to this prediction, however, the baronet gave orders that every one, except those engaged in attendance on Lady Norman, should retire early, and himself set the example. This was to give the attorney ample leisure to draw up and engross the forged will.

For reasons of her own, Mrs. Briggs took good care that this order was punctually enforced, and retired last of all, leaving instructions with Mitford, the lady's maid, to summon her at one o'clock to take her turn of duty in sitting up with Lady Norman.

The housekeeper paid a final visit to the sick room, bringing with her a cup of hot elder wine to comfort the lonely watcher. The unsuspecting Abigail swallowed the comfortable draught, and sat down in an easy-chair by the fire, with a volume of the Mysteries of Udolpho in her hand, thinking to wile away the silent hours with a lively and appropriate subject.

In about an hour a strange sound was heard in the apartment. Was it a stifled groan uttered by the invalid? No—she lay in a deep slumber. Was it the rain that dashed against the windows, or the wind that howled and shrieked among the pointed gables and old clustered chimney-stacks, along which it rushed and whistled as though it would tear them from the roof, and whirl them in a fantastic dance to the hill-tops? No, the sound came from within the room itself. Again it comes—more prolonged, more varied in its cadence than before. It is repeated with still more distinctness; and now it breaks forth as a fully-developed snore, emanating from the nasal organs of the fair watcher of the night. Her head had fallen backward, in a position of which this snoring fantasia was the inevitable result. The book had fallen from her hand—the candle burned dim—the fire was almost out—and still she slept, and still she snored. The great hall clock struck twelve, and as the solemn reverberation melted into silence, the sweeter tones from the distant village spire were heard, as though it had waited deferentially till its aristocratic brother had said his say, before it ventured to repeat, to the slumbering villagers, the information that another day had begun.

CHAPTER VIII.

With a low moan, Lady Norman awoke. Her sleep had been the sleep of exhaustion, assisted by an anodyne; and her awakening brought with it but a confused sense of having gone through some dreadful, but undefinable suffering.

"I have had a horrid nightmare," she murmured, raising herself in her bed; "or have I been ill? Have I had a fever, and been delirious? What is Mitford sitting there for? Yes—yes—I must have been ill, and had a fearful dream. I'll go to my father's room, and see that he is safe."

She was about to rise, when she was checked by the sound of a low, sweet voice, full of a strange pathos, speaking from behind the curtain.

"Julia—Lady Norman," it said, "stay and listen to me. Do not be alarmed, nor imagine that I am some being of another world. I am a suffering sister—a wronged and broken-hearted woman like yourself, who desires to sustain you under an affliction, compared with which, her own seven years of lonely misery, are nothing."

"Who are you? What are you?" cried Lady Norman, pulling aside the curtain.

"A sincere friend, though you do not know me," replied the tenant of the haunted chambers, leaning forward so that the light from the expiring candle might fall upon her face; "but think not of me now, nor of who or what I am. You shall know all presently. Time presses, and you must rest."

"What must I do? Where is my father?" asked the bewildered lady, who still clung to the hope that all the horrors of the previous day had been enacted only in her dreams.

"Your worst fears do not exceed the truth," replied the visitor; "he is dead. And surely that were grief enough for one so young and tender as you. But there is something yet more horrible for you to hear."

"Something more horrible?" repeated Lady Norman, gazing eagerly into the face of the stranger; "what can be more horrible than that?"

"I do not wish to tell you if it can be avoided. Will you come away with me, and never see Sir John Norman again?"

"Leave my husband!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Never, while I live!"

"Do not give him that name of affection," said the strange lady, sternly; "but if in one word you can express all that is most ungrateful, cowardly, false, cruel and avaricious, use that word in speaking of Sir John Norman."

"What do you mean to insinuate? I will believe nothing that you say against my husband."

"And yet you must believe what these aching eyes behold," said the other; "trust to me and come. All shall be explained; but I dare not tell you the whole truth at once. You could not bear it."

"The truth could not be so hard to bear as this racking doubt," said Lady Norman. "Oh, God! can it be so indeed? My father! Was he—was he murdered?"

"He was dead before he fell from his horse."

"And the murderer? Who was he?"

"Who was with him? Who alone would gain by his death if the lawyer, his accomplice, had falsified your father's will?"

"I must fly!" cried Lady Norman, springing from the bed. "I must go from this place; anywhere—anywhere—so that I am gone before my eyes are blasted by the sight of that monster! Yet stay—who are you, that I should believe all that you say against him? What proofs can you give me?"

"It is natural that you should hesitate to take the word of a stranger for anything so strange and terrible," replied the strange lady, "but you will believe Mrs. Briggs. Come to her. But not thus, in your night dress. You must be warmly clothed, for you will have to pass through some of the coldest passages in the house. Let me assist you."

She helped the trembling girl to dress, and leaving Mitford still asleep, they passed out into the long, stately corridor.

"It is dark!" whispered Lady Norman, shrinking back.

"Do not be afraid," replied her guide in the same tone, as she took her hand; "trust to me, and you will be safe. Come—be firm; and, above all, do not speak."

They went on with noiseless steps, and had reached the centre of the corridor, when they were startled by a gleam of light that shot up the great staircase. The guide peeped down cautiously, and then drew her companion into a neighboring apartment.

"It's that wretch Downey," she whispered; "we will hide here till he is gone."

Presently they heard a door open and shut gently, and to their extreme terror a gleam of light shot into the room where they had taken refuge. It adjoined that which Sir John Norman occupied, and a door of communication between the two had been accidentally left ajar. The two frightened women stood rooted to the spot.

"Sir John! Sir John!" said the voice of the lawyer, heard distinctly through this aperture, "get up, will you? It is not there. You must bring his keys, and search in the other places."

"Search!" cried Sir John, in the most abject terror; "it's of no use to search! There's nothing to be found! I've not seen that hunting-whip for months, I tell you! I lost it at the last hunt. Shut the doors! Bolt and bar them! I won't have the d—d police here. What are they come for?"

"Come—come, Sir John," interrupted Downey, "awake, man, and attend to business. I tell you the will has been removed."

"The will removed?" echoed Sir John, now wide awake at last. "Who can have removed it?"

"He must have done it himself, and put it into his writing-desk or deed-box. Get up and bring the keys. We must search everywhere, for it must be found."

"I cannot go into that room," cried the baronet. "Don't you know that the body is there?"

"Are you such a fool as that?" retorted the lawyer, scornfully. "Give it up, then, and be hanged. The worst that can happen to me through this precious piece of business that you are are making such a mull of, is to take a sea voyage. But you, you know—why, it will give a clue that will end in your swinging for your morning's work."

This was quite enough for the unfortunate Lady Norman to hear, and her guide drew her away. They sped rapidly through many long passages, and at last came to a narrow flight of stairs, which they descended; then through one or two more passages, these paved with stone and vaulted overhead, and at last arrived at the housekeeper's room. The good woman was expecting them, and the bright fire and preparations for tea attested her anxiety to make them as comfortable as the painful circumstances in which they were placed would admit of.

"Dear heart! but she looks very ill," cried the housekeeper, receiving the half-fainting form of Lady Norman from her conductress, who had, at the last, been almost obliged to carry her. "Does she know all, then?"

"Yes," was the sorrowful reply. "I had hinted it to her, but she could not believe it until we overheard a conversation that could not fail to convince her. Poor girl! I cannot imagine how she bore it in silence."

"We must get her into bed," said Mrs. Briggs, after having vainly administered restoratives. "This is no common faintness. She is seriously ill. I wish we had Dr. Waldron here."

"For Heaven's sake do not fetch him till the last extremity!" exclaimed the mysterious lady; "he would be sure to recognize me."

"If you are obliged to see him, you must wear a veil; but that he will have to come, and that very speedily, I have no doubt."

They carried Lady Norman into the haunted chambers, and placed her in a large, antique bed in the inner room. She soon began to rave wildly about her father, then about her nocturnal visitor, and at last about the dreadful conversation she had heard pass between Sir John and the lawyer. At the recollection of this she became so frantic that it was with difficulty they restrained her from leaping from the bed.

"I must fetch Dr. Waldron," said Mrs. Briggs. "Where is your veil?"

"I do not know exactly: but never mind the veil. Give me your scissors, and I will cut two holes for my eyes in this handkerchief, and tie it over my head. There, she is exhausted and quiet now; go for the doctor."

The housekeeper brought up from the depths of an enormous pocket a large, bright pair of scissors, which she handed to the mysterious lady, and immediately went to summon Dr. Waldron to the patient. With a small dark-lantern in her hand she sped through the passages which the two ladies had traversed a short time before. The doctor had left his chamber unlocked, in case he should be wanted during the night, and it was without the slightest surprise that on awaking at her voice, he beheld Mrs. Briggs standing beside his bed.

"Is she worse, then?" demanded he.

"Yes, sir, and I want you to come directly. But she is not where she was—I cannot explain all about it now, for there is no time to be lost. I'll step into your dressing-room while you put on your clothes, and then you must come without the slightest noise. For God's sake make haste, though, for she is delirious."

She went into the dressing-room, and occupied the time, while waiting for the doctor to perform his toilet, in listening at another door which also opened into the large corridor, to ascertain whether any one was moving in the house. While on this watch, the sound of stealthy footsteps caught her ear, and then a low whisper. The sounds passed the door at which she stood, and went in the direction of the apartment lately occupied by Mr. Smedley, and in which his corpse now lay. Now Mrs. Briggs, though a portly woman, was remarkably active and light of foot. She possessed an abundant share of courage, as well as a large proportion of that rough kind of justice which delights in visiting crime with its just deserts. So, without hesitation, she opened the door—for by her care all the locks and hinges in the house were kept well oiled, to facilitate the nocturnal rambles of her friend—and proceeded straight to the room where the body lay. A glance through the key-hole (to which surreptitious mode of obtaining information the most straightforward people may have recourse on such occasions) showed Sir John and the attorney removing the seals which had been placed on Mr. Smedley's effects. The baronet trembled so violently that he could scarcely hold the light while Downey softened the wax with a heated iron.

"Now, then, give me the keys," said the latter.

"The keys!" repeated Sir John, in dismay. "I have not got them! I have not seen them!"

"Bring the light, then, and let us see if they have been left in his pockets."

"No, no; I cannot—I dare not go near that bed!" faltered Sir John.

The lawyer snatched the candle from him, and went to the other end of the room.

"Downey! come back!" cried the affrighted baronet. "I will not be left here in the dark!"

The housekeeper here took her cue. Placing her mouth to the key-hole, she sent through it the longest and most lugubrious groan of which she was mistress, and then, without waiting to see the result, she darted back to Dr. Waldron's dressing-room. The sound of a heavy fall, however, which she heard, as she sped away, informed her that Sir John had either swooned through fear, or stumbled over some object, while beating a precipitate retreat.

She found the doctor ready, and unconscious that she had left the dressing-room; so, darkening the lantern, she took him by the hand, and led him through the maze of passages already described, to her own room. The moment the secret door in the closet was opened, they heard a voice calling upon her in accents of terror.

"She's got the scissors from Miss Wentworth, I'll bet five pounds!" exclaimed the housekeeper, rushing forward.

It was as she suspected. Lady Norman had snatched the scissors while her guardian was cutting the holes in the handkerchief, of which she intended to make a sort of mask, and was only prevented from stabbing herself with them by the exertions of the other lady, whose strength was failing her when help arrived. She had not had time to cover her face, and it was with no small amazement that Dr. Waldron beheld her. When the patient was restored to some degree of tranquility, he look round for her, but she was gone.

"Will you tell that lady, Mrs. Briggs," he said, "that it is useless for her to hide herself under the impression that I have not recognized her. Hers is a face not so easily to be forgotten. But why do you call her Miss Wentworth? Why has she dropped the title of Lady Norman?"

"Because, sir, she has lost all proof that she ever had a right to it. I don't know whether you are aware of it, sir," continued Mrs. Briggs, after a short pause, "but she disappeared the same morning that you left just seven years ago, and you had the credit of running away with her; and then Sir John laughed and winked at his friends, and talked of having made you a handsome present, which convinced most people that she had been only his mistress. Then that Major Dashwood (you remember him, sir) he was near quarrelling with Sir John for not keeping his word and giving him the preference. But Sir John said in excuse that he could not help the lady taking her own course, and so they made it up. They talked of all this over their wine, you know, sir, just as if the servants were nothing more than so many chairs or tables, but it was all talked over again in the servants' hall, and soon spread over the country. I think Sir John did it on purpose to keep people from blaming him for her death. However, he never seemed quite comfortable in the house afterward, and lived almost always in London, only just coming down here for the shooting season. Many of our people have since thought the poor lady was really dead, because they sometimes chanced to catch a sight of her, and then they took her for a ghost, for she had a way, if she met any one too near to slip off quietly, of stretching out her arms and saying, 'Pray for me,' as like a ghost as she could. At last they all believed that her soul could not rest because she had committed suicide."

"But how came she to think of taking up her abode in these dismal chambers?—and how could she live here unknown to the rest of the household?" inquired the doctor, who had listened to the good woman with great interest.

"Ah, sir, that was all my doing," she replied, with an air of triumph; "these rooms have been shut up for these fifty or sixty years. There's some sad tale about them, no doubt, for the Normans have been a bad race, if half the country legends are to be credited, and indeed I found that which was enough to prove that some wicked deed had been committed here. Well, sir, I had by chance discovered the door at the end of that closet in my room. I didn't mind its opening into the haunted rooms, for I was never fearful about that sort of thing in my life, but I said nothing about it to nobody, and often when they've thought I was taking a nap after dinner I've been rummaging about these queer old places. So, on that evening when you warned her about the wicked designs of Sir John and Major Dashwood, she came to my room—poor dear—quite broken-hearted, and asked me to advise her how to act. She said she had not a friend in the whole world; she had been brought up in a first-rate school, her father having thought that the little money he could leave her would be best invested in giving her a good education, so that she might be able to support herself. Though only seventeen when she left school, she soon got a situation as governess. It was then that Sir John saw her, and soon feeling convinced that he could win her upon no other terms, he proposed marriage. No one can blame her for marrying him; but the family she lived with was distantly related to Sir John, and would come in for the title, if for nothing else, should he die without leaving a son: so they were all in a great rage about it, and Sir John took advantage of that to induce her to run away with him. Now, whether he acted the villain right through, and deceived her with a false marriage, or whether he took her to some distant place, and had the ceremony properly performed, I never could make out. But I think it must have been a real marriage, for she had a certificate, which he took away from her, and he wouldn't have done that if it had been worthless. I have known her watch him for hours together from a hiding-place in the library, in hopes of catching sight of it, but now she begins to think it must be destroyed. Well, on that night when, as I said, she came crying to me for help, I persuaded her to let me make up the bed in that old room for her, so that she might have time to reflect on what was best to be done. And from that she stayed on and on, and has lived there ever since, and never spoken to a soul but me for these seven years."

"What was it that you found, which you considered a proof of some crime having been committed?" asked the doctor, "had Sir John any thing to do with it?"

"That can hardly be, sir, for the rooms were shut up before he was born. What I found was a box, hidden away in a corner, with the skeleton of a baby in it."

"The concealment of an infant's body does not necessarily involve murder," said Dr. Waldron.

"No, sir, of course not. But still it did seem strange and unnatural to leave the poor little thing in a box, like that."

"What became of it?" asked the doctor, smiling sadly at her ignorance of the mass of wickedness and callous indifference to God's most holy gift—the gift of children—which darkens this fair earth.

"Just at that time, sir, I had a favorite cat that died, so I asked one of the gardeners to dig a deep grave for it, outside of my windows, and I put off burying the cat till it was dusk, and then I took the box with the poor baby's bones, and put it first into the hole, and I said some parts of the service for the dead, all I could remember, for it was too dark to read, and afterward I laid poor pussy on the top of the box, and filled it in with earth. I don't think there was any harm in that, do you, sir? She was a very good cat, and always fond of children."

"Indeed, I see no harm in it," he replied. "Puss was doubtless a much better and more respectable companion than many a human being."

"That's just what I thought, sir," said the housekeeper. "I never told Miss Wentworth, because it might have made her nervous, poor thing, having to spend so many long hours all alone in those dreary old rooms. I planted a rose-bush, and some snowdrops and childish flowers over the place; and sometimes, when I feel low-spirited, I sit at my window and look at the little grave, and think of the poor nameless baby underneath, and wonder what its little history could have been."

"Probably the history of hundreds who are born every year, and whose fate is involved in equal mystery," said Dr. Waldron, sighing deeply, "and we should not regret those that die so early, when we think of the fate of many of those that live. Well," he continued, rising, after a short silence, for they had retired to the chimney-corner during this long chat, "I hope our patient will remain quiet now for some time; but she must not be left for a moment. I had better return to my room lest I should be sought for. When Lady Norman is missed, they will be sure to come to me about it. By the by, why was she brought here?"

"I think I had better leave that for Miss Wentworth to explain, sir. And yet I may not be doing wrong, either, if I tell you myself. Will you please tell me, first, whether you noticed anything about Mr. Smedley's body to make you suspect foul play?"

"Much," was the laconic answer.

"Then I'll show you something that will confirm your suspicions."

She led the way into the sitting-room, and produced Sir John's hunting whip, throwing the light strongly upon it.

"This must be the very weapon with which he did it!" exclaimed the doctor, closely examining the peculiar form of the handle, which corresponded with the indentations that he had remarked in the wound, which had caused Mr. Smedley's death.

"Yes, sir, it is. And now you won't wonder at our spiriting away this poor young thing from the hands that spilled her father's blood. Miss Wentworth couldn't rest till she had done it; so I put a little of Lady Norman's sleeping medicine into some elder wine and gave it to Mitford—and I dare say she is snoring there yet. She was to have called me at one o'clock, and it's now three. I'll go to her; and when we find my lady gone, of course we shall raise the house; so you had better be in your room, sir, for you will be sure to be called. People can never let a doctor rest when anything is going wrong."

"Thank you for the warning," said Dr. Waldron, "I will lie down in my clothes, then."

"Dear! dear!" cried the housekeeper, impatiently, "I wish Miss Wentworth would come! I must not leave my lady till she is here to take charge of her—and if Mitford should awake and raise a hue and cry, and no doctor and no Mrs. Briggs to be found, they'd begin to suspect we had some hand in her removal."

At this moment Miss Wentworth, with her veil drawn over her head, entered from the passage that communicated with the library.

"Lady Norman!" said the doctor, bowing low.

"Do not mock me with that name, sir," she replied, coldly. "I cannot forget that you doubted my title to it."

"But circumstances have changed, madam. If Sir John has committed this fearful crime, it renders it far more probable that he was guilty of one toward you."

"Then give me the benefit of the doubt, Dr. Waldron, and spare me the shame of bearing a name so foully dishonored."

"I will not offend again," he replied, deferentially; "for the future I shall have the pleasure of addressing you as Miss Wentworth."

She bowed very haughtily, and turning to Mrs. Briggs, drew her aside.

"They are both in the library," she whispered, "searching for the will, and quarrelling. Sir John seems to have been very much terrified while looking for it in Mr. Smedley's room—says he heard the dead body utter a groan—and I know not what other horrors of a guilty conscience have beset him. He would not remain there—and Downey is enraged at his cowardice."

"You may tell the doctor all about it, ma'am," said Mrs. Briggs, aloud; for she had no idea of letting these two people, whom she esteemed so highly, keep at arms' length in this frigid, ceremonious way, when they ought to be working harmoniously, hand and heart, in this dreadful emergency. Besides, she had her own suspicions that the barrier thus set up between them, was only a fictitious one, which even Miss Wentworth would not be sorry to have removed; so, hating all shams, she resolved, if possible, to demolish it. "You may tell him anything, for he is to be trusted, and knows already as much as I know about this awful affair. So you may consider him quite as a friend."

"I trust I may be found not unworthy of being called so, when you know me better," said Dr. Waldron, humbly. "At present, I know I labor under the disadvantage of a former unfavorable impression, which it will be my earnest endeavor to remove."

Could his eyes have penetrated her thick veil he would have seen that a glance of very complicated meaning answered this speech. Hope, fear, anxiety and sorrow were blended in it. She said nothing, but acknowledged it by another rigid inclination; and having taken instructions how to proceed with the patient, she retreated into the bed-room, while Dr. Waldron and Mrs. Briggs repaired, he to his chamber, and she to arouse the slumbering Mitford.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 25.*)

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FINGERS."

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange—
Stranger than fiction. —*Byron.*

It was a minute or two before Frank Vavasour could speak, and when he did his voice was low and tremulous with agitation.

"I will set all these things to rights," he said, "and perhaps I may be able to mend the cabinet, too, and save Polly here a scolding."

They were only too glad to shift the responsibility on to his shoulders, and leave him alone with the scattered contents of the cabinet, and he closed the door upon them and sat down beside it, not to work, but to think.

He had never seen it open before, and now its contents were at the mercy of any one.

"Shall I seek further?" he asked himself. "Shall I try to probe the secrets of this man's life? Perhaps, after all, it may be only a coincidence."

He took the stud out of his pocket, and compared it again with the one he had picked up from the floor. They were exactly alike—it was difficult to tell one from the other—and he turned again to the fallen piece of furniture.

"I will search it!" he exclaimed. "'Tis surely more than chance which has given me so strange an opportunity. How dark it grows! Can it be very late, I wonder?"

Not so very late—only about three o'clock; but a dense London fog was settling down over the houses, and obscuring the daylight. There was light enough for him to see what he wanted to do, and he set to work to raise the cabinet. It was pretty heavy, and all the contents lay scattered on the floor before he could get it into its place again.

One by one he lifted papers and numerous odds and ends which formed the secret treasures which Austin Bertram had kept hidden there, and nearly every one of them had some tale to tell of the man he had so long sought—Jasper Glosson. No doubt now that the two men were identical. There were memoranda of Jasper Glosson in Austin Bertram's writing.

There was a diary, kept many a year ago, with entries relating to Maddalina Wynne and her husband, letters and papers without end, forming quite a history. The third stud was there, and last, but not least, a pair of gloves tucked into one another, one of them the very one which Hodgson had found, and which had so nearly cost Frank his life.

He replaced everything in the cabinet, and locking the door of the room, went out. The landlady remonstrated. She wanted to continue her cleaning operations.

"Mr. Bertram is coming to-night," she said, "and I sha'n't be ready, Mr. Vavasour. If you would only let the girl in."

"I will explain all to you when I get back," he replied. "Mr. Bertram will only have me to blame for what has happened, or what may occur. Besides, I sha'n't be long."

It was no easy matter getting along the streets for the fog; but he made the best of his way to Bow street, and told his story there to the superintendent of police.

That official scented out a curious case at once, and his eye brightened with keen interest as his visitor spoke. Presently he sent for an intelligent officer, with whom he conferred on the subject.

"Jasper Glosson," the man said. "I remember him. He was wanted for a nasty forgery business a matter of sixteen or seventeen years ago, but he never was taken. I'd like to lay my hands on him as well as anything I ever did."

"I think you may, Lambert, if this gentleman's story is true," the superintendent said. "Should you know him if you saw him?"

"I think I should, making allowance for the time that has gone by. He was a handsome fellow; tall, with dark hair and eyes, and a straight, good-shaped nose. The worst part of his face was his mouth; it was thin-lipped and unsteady, and he had a great white scar somewhere about his chin."

"He wears a beard and mustache now," Frank said; "but I think I've found your man, and the murderer of Mr. Bouverie too. But I leave it all in your hands."

"You have told no one, sir?"

"Not a soul."

"The woman of the house knows nothing?"

"No."

"That's a blessing. Women play the very deuce with our cases by blabbing. We'll be ready for Mr. Austin Bertram, never fear."

"But I am not certain when he will return."

"Nor where he is?"

"No. He fixed to-night to come back; but he is very uncertain."

"That does not signify. He will come some time, provided he is not forewarned, and if you have not let fall any hint he will not be."

"I have hinted nothing. The woman of the house imagines I am remarkably careful of his property, that is all."

"That is all she shall think. You have acted very wisely in this matter, Mr.—a—a—Vavasour, and I think we shall catch our bird yet. You will please be expecting a friend in the afternoon—a mutual friend of yourself and Mr. Bertram—which will prevent any surprise at your going into his room."

"I see; and the friend will be—"

"Only Lambert in a genteel get-up. You may leave the rest to him. If Mr. Bertram, or Glosson, or whatever his name may be, don't honor us with his company to-night, I am very much mistaken."

"I shall be at my friend's disposal," said Frank, smiling. "A quiet cup of tea, eh? My landlady always expects her visitors to taste her cookery in some way."

"Yes, a friend from the country. Look sharp, Lambert."

"All right, sir."

Francis Vavasour went home, and in a very short time Lambert appeared, so metamorphosed that he was scarcely recognizable.

He made an inspection of Mr. Bertram's room, where the preparations for that gentleman's arrival were now nearly completed, and then the two waited.

The fog grew so thick that there was no seeing across the street, and the sound of vehicles was but rare. The right one came at last, cautiously driven, and stopped at the door.

"That is our man," said Lambert, opening the door of the room and stepping out on to the stairs. "Come, Mr. Vavasour, we two can manage it quietly between us."

Frank followed the detective like one in a dream. It seemed so strange, so unreal, that his seemingly unfounded suspicions should by such a mere accident have proved so true, and that the man with whom he had been on such terms of intimacy should turn out a forger and a murderer.

The cab having stopped, the servant threw open the hall door, and he saw for a moment in the bright light the form of a policeman, who instantly vanished into obscurity.

"We're ready for him, you see," the detective whispered, as Austin Bertram stepped into the hall, with a cheery word to the servant, who smiled a pleasant greeting back again, for he was always affable to his inferiors in station.

He was paying the driver, who had stepped in after him, when Lambert passed quickly to his side and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"The cab will be wanted again, my man," he said, coolly. "Jasper Glosson, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

Two policemen showed themselves at the door at the same moment, but the man they came to seek was more nimble than any of them. A moment's glance had sufficed him to recognize Lambert, and to take in the whole situation. With one turn of his shoulder he freed himself from the detective's grip, and flinging himself forward burst through between the other two before they had time even to think, and in another moment was lost in the fog.

The two men plunged clumsily down the steps into the darkness, and Lambert ran into the street bareheaded.

"Done, by the lord Harry!" he said, in a tone of vexation. "Off to the nearest office, you, Thompson; and you, Jones, drive to Bow street in the cab. It's no more use seeking for him in this fog, than looking for a sixpence at the bottom of the sea. We'll have him before long, if he's above ground."

Francis Vavasour went with him to Bow street, where they were somewhat grimly received.

"Well?" the superintendent said.

"It's not well at all, sir."

"How?"

"He's got off."

"Escaped?"

"Yes."

"And from you? Well, if any one else had told me so, I should have said they lied. You must catch him again, my man."

"I will, sir, when I get light and air to do it. In the meantime, we must have the trains and steamers watched. He'll be off to-night."

"Nothing will be off in this fog. It gives us time—it may be a help to us."

In a very few minutes a description of Jasper Glosson, *alias* Austin Bertram, was on its way to railway stations and steamboat wharves, and to the various police offices, and Frank sat wondering and admiring the curious and noiseless routine of the business he saw transacted under his observation.

"Nothing more to be done now," the superintendent said at length; "but I think we've stopped Mr. Glosson's movements, for all his clever run. He'll most likely lie close for a day or two, and then make for some seaport to be off. Had he money with him, do you think?"

"He usually had. I am not aware if he had any now. I should fancy, as he was coming home from a tour, that he had not."

"Jewelry?"

"Yes, a good deal."

"A watch?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then he'll make them serve for money. He'll get rid of them, and so give us another clue. We shall find him yet, I don't doubt."

But justice was at fault for once. Neither Lambert nor any of his comrades, clever though they might be, could find Austin Bertram. He might have been spirited away, so complete was his disappearance. There came no sign of him to his lodgings, nor was any trace left anywhere to tell which way he had gone. From the moment of his pushing through the policemen at the door, no one had heard of him. It was as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up, and disheartened and discouraged, the officers gave up the search.

Francis Vavasour told Claudia of the discovery he had made that Jasper Glosson and Austin Bertram were one and the same person, but the news did not surprise her or affect her much.

"I knew he would be found before I died," she said; "I was sure of it. And now I see that there was reason in my terrible shrinking from that man. I used to pray for vengeance; but now—ah, well,

let him go, let him go. In the world to which I am going, it will be mercy, and not vengeance, for sinful humanity."

CHAPTER LIX.

UNREPRIEVED.

When the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance . . .
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.
—*Milton.*

And where had Austin Bertram hidden himself all this while that the police were seeking him, and detectives lying in wait at every place from which it was likely he would attempt to escape? He seemed to have totally vanished into the fog, and been swallowed up altogether, for no tidings of him, nor of any one answering in the least to his description, could be heard anywhere, though a large reward was offered for his apprehension.

As we have seen, he had burst from the detaining hands of Lambert, the detective, and knocking aside the two policemen, he rushed straight forward, neither knowing nor caring which way he went, so long as it was out of their reach.

Down one street and up another he flew with hurrying steps, blindly taking the first turnings that he came to, anxious only to place distance between himself and the Nemesis which had at last overtaken his career of crime.

"Let me but once get clear of this infernal city," he muttered to himself, "and I will defy them all. I have money sufficient to take me anywhere, and there are plenty of safe hiding-places in the world."

He had bank-notes to a considerable amount about him, contrary to Frank's idea, and he resolved to make for one of the stations, and take the first train that left, no matter where its destination might be.

In a very few minutes he lost all trace of where he was—every street and turning was alike in the dim obscurity. Not a lamp was to be seen except when standing close beneath it, and the flaring links carried by the street-boys were but so many *ignes fatui* dancing about in the thick gloom. And so Austin Bertram, or rather Jasper Glosson, went on, taking no count of time, nor where he was, not daring to address the passers-by, lest his voice should betray him to a pursuer.

"Hang it! this confounded fog must clear some time," he said. "But, after all, it will bother them as much as me, and more, for I have got the start of them. I wonder which way I have been coming, and where I have got to now. I thought I was making for London Bridge—I might be in time to catch the tidal train—but, hang me, if I can imagine where I have got to! I can't hear any sound of wheels or horses' feet. Bah! the whole city is a huge grave to-night. But I have baffled them, ha! ha! and I'll come back again sometime to pay off old scores. I will, by ——"

But the next word only vented itself in a harsh, gurgling scream for help. His advancing foot had found no firmer resting-place than the thin air; and with a heavy plunge he sank head foremost into the cold, rushing river.

A thousand lights seemed to flash before his eyes, a thousand torrents to roar in his ears, as the dark waters closed above his head, and he threw out his arms in wild dismay. He swam a little—enough to keep himself afloat in calm water; but the tide was now running swiftly out, and he lay like a reed at the mercy of the current.

He tried to shout as he rose to the surface, but the pitiless water seemed to choke his utterance, and he could only gasp. He fancied he could see waving lights and hear voices on the spot from which he had fallen; but the merciless stream bore him on to sure and swift destruction, and all chance of safety or of rescue was lost in a moment. There was nothing around the despairing wretch except water, and the thick, dense fog, and again he sank, to rise once more as an eddying wave took him, like a broken toy, and dashed him against the buttress of a bridge with a sickening crash.

No more rising in this world for him. He was the sport of the current now, and rapidly it bore him along—now gently, as if in mockery of the forfeit life, anon with a fierce swirl, sucking its ghastly burden beneath the keel of a heavily-laden coal-barge, and bringing it up, more ghastly than death had made it, on the other side.

And then it flung it about as though in wild triumph, dashed it against first one obstacle, then another, till nearly all semblance of humanity was beaten out of the once handsome face, and finished by dragging it down to sullen and slimy depths, making it hideously foul with the impurities of the river's bed.

And so through the livelong night, Jasper Glosson, alias Austin Bertram, went on his involuntary pilgrimage, past haunts and places where he had spent many pleasant, happy hours, envied and caressed as wealthy and prosperous. Under the bridges he went, which his living foot would tread no more, till the sun rose and the fog lifted, and day returned bright and clear upon the world, where his place would know him no more.

And the morning shone bright and clear upon the mighty river in whose bosom lies hidden the solution of so many terrible secrets, and beamed upon the poor wreck of humanity that had so lately been a living, sentient being.

It was several days before the corpse was found, where the receding tide had left it, tired of its plaything, at the mouth of a sewer, and there some of the men who make their living from the deep water, by robbing the corpses it has made its own, found him, and plundered him before they gave information at the nearest police-station.

His card case was found in his pocket, and gave the clue to his name and address, and Frank Vavasour was summoned to identify him. His features were too swollen for recognition, but his clothes were sufficient, and a coroner's inquest was summoned, to return the stereotyped verdict of "Found drowned; but whether by accident or otherwise there is no evidence to show."

He left funds enough among his effects at the lodgings to bury him and satisfy all claims, and Frank, at Claudia's instigation, took upon himself the arrangement of the dead man's affairs. All was settled and arranged quietly, and with as much respect for the dead as though the loathsome and disfigured corpse had been one of God's noblest creatures.

It was a painful task to break all this dreadful news to Claudia; but she bore it with greater fortitude than might have been expected. Alma was with her when the news of finding Austin Bertram's dead body reached her, and it was from Lady Nortonshall's lips that the actress heard the awful fate of her persecutor.

She received the news of the terrible end of the man who had been so inveterate an enemy to both her parents with emotion, but with an evident feeling of relief.

"I do not rejoice at his death," she said to Frank; "but I am glad he has been spared the shameful end that would have befallen him had he been captured. I used to wish for revenge upon him. I think I must have been very wicked then. I wished evil wishes, and see, Frank, how terribly they have come to pass."

"Evil wishes, Claudia."

They were alone together—one of the few precious interviews which came now and then like glimpses of the Heaven toward which she was hastening, they seemed to Claudia's dying heart. These times of converse with the man she loved so dearly were becoming rare now, for she was almost entirely confined to her own room, coming down-stairs only at such intervals as she could bear the transit from one part of the house to another.

She did not suffer so much; now and then paroxysms of pain, and fits of coughing which seemed to rack her whole body, would try and alarm those about her; but they did not occur often, nor last for any length of time. But she wasted day by day, like a fading flower over which the chill winds blow too roughly.

Frank had taken her hand, and was looking earnestly into her face—she answered his questioning words with a smile.

"Yes, evil wishes," she said. "Did I not want to discover yonder dead wretch, no matter how, and have not my prayers been answered most terribly? Did I not wish to be freed from the persecution of Alma's husband, and was I not? Most fearfully! Ah! Frank, our wishes, if they are not good ones, recoil upon ourselves some time."

"Let us talk of something else, dear Claudia. Forget these horrors if you can; no more will come to you."

"No, no more in this world, Frank. Neither joy nor sorrow will affect me much longer. I have but one wish unfulfilled on earth now."

"And that is—"

"That I could see you happy before I leave you. You know that I loved you. I am dying, and may speak of it. Had I lived, I should have been jealous—oh, so jealous—of the love you could not give me being bestowed upon another, but I shall die the happier for knowing you are blessed with Alma's love, and she with yours."

"But I cannot speak to her about it, Claudia, she is so changed from what she was. I sometimes think that all she has gone through has altered her very nature, and made her hard and cold. She is gentle and kind outwardly, but not the loving-hearted girl I knew once, when our hopes and fears were one."

"Remember she has been the unloved wife of a bad man since then," Claudia replied, with a sad smile. "And she is now that most desolate of beings, a widow, whose heart knows not the mourning which springs from love. You must make allowances for her, Frank. I know she loves you—fondly and truly; you must let me see her your wife before I die."

"I have not dared to hint at such a thing to her as yet."

"Ah, but I have, and I shall live to see it come about. I sometimes wish that I might see another spring—that violets and primroses might blossom above my head, and strew me as I lie in my coffin; but it will not be, Frank. I shall never see my favorite flowers again."

Her favorite flowers. Alas! it gave Frank a sharp pang at his heart to hear her speak of them. How often had he seen her before a crowded audience, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at their applause, and her hair crowded with the pale blossoms which she loved so well.

No, she would never see them any more. In all human probability the grass would grow above her head long before they lifted up their little petals to greet the sunshine which called them into being.

The autumn waned slowly away, and the chill blasts of coming winter whistled through the desolate streets, and stripped the trees in the squares of all their leafy coverings, and still Claudia Wynne lingered on; but it was a question of days, not months, now, when the end would come. There was no hope that she would see the dawning of another year, no question of her again leaving her chamber until the day when she should exchange it for the unseen radiance of the world beyond the grave.

But the dying actress was not forgotten by her old companions of the stage, though the public, as fickle as it had been enthusiastic, scarcely ever called to mind the name of its former goddess.

But her professional friends were widely different. Actors and actresses come nobly forward in times of sickness and calamity, with help and comfort; and had Claudia needed assistance, she would have received it freely and generously. As it was, her old comrades of the Elysium made frequent visits to Bayswater, and testified by inquiries, and many little tokens of remembrance, their loving interest in her welfare.

Mr. Golightly was a very constant visitor, and to him the dying woman was indebted for the choicest fruits and rarest flowers that money could buy. For a long time he flatly refused to recognize the fact that she was in very deed so near her end, insisting that all she required was rest, and that another year would see her resuming her old place amongst them. In the enjoyment of rude health himself, the thought of death never came between him and his happiness; but even he was fain to confess, toward the last, that no physician's hand could stay the last conqueror of all.

Claudia saw all her friends as long as she had strength for conversation, but there came a time when the door was obliged to be closed against them, and there was nothing left to them but the remembrance of her loving farewell.

Mrs. Eversfield and Alma tended her with the utmost solicitude, and Dorothy, poor faithful heart, would never leave her side. Frank Vavasour came and went daily, having removed to a lodging close by, from whence he could be summoned instantly, so near was the end.

One only thing disturbed Claudia. She had not been able to persuade Frank to speak to Alma, and she dreaded that if her influence were once removed they might drift farther apart, and she resolved to take the initiative herself.

"Yes," she murmured one afternoon, when she was feeling rather stronger, "I will speak to-night, and Heaven grant it may be to some purpose."

CHAPTER LX.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. —*Hood.*

It was evening of the same day, and Claudia Wynne lay on her couch by the side of a bright fire in her own little room adjoining the bed-chamber, for she never came down-stairs now. Alma was sitting opposite to her, gazing sorrowfully upon the sharp outlines disease had shaped her features to, while Frank was reading, in a low tone, a chapter from the Book which was the invalid's sole comfort now; an expression of deep peace was on her face, and her eyes were closed.

Presently he finished, and closing the book, sat looking dreamily at Alma, and there was silence for awhile; but Claudia was the first to break it.

"Come closer to me, Alma," she said, with a kind smile, "and you, too, Frank. I want to speak with both of you."

Alma did as she requested, and Frank coming round to the couch, the invalid took a hand in each of hers, and said—

"I told you yesterday that I had not a wish on earth unsatisfied, and yet—"

"Yet what, dear Claudia?" Alma asked, with tender solicitude, though her heart beat thick and fast, for she had observed a glance pass between the other two which partly warned her of what was coming.

"I must recall those words," continued Claudia. "I have one wish as yet ungratified."

"What is it, dear? Can we not obtain it for you?"

"I think so."

"You shall have it then."

"Ah, Alma, make no rash promises—you don't know what it is."

"But you will tell us?"

"That is soon done. I want to see you two married!"

"Ah, Claudia!" murmured Alma, but Frank spoke never a word, only watching Alma intently as she bent her head on Claudia's lap to hide her burning blushes from his view.

"What, is the prospect so very terrible?" asked Claudia. "Can't you please me by letting me see you married before I go? It would make me far happier. He wishes it, too, though he has lacked courage to speak to you."

Alma looked up at her lover, and read the truth in the impassioned gaze he cast upon her.

"Have I not waited long enough?" he said, in a low whisper, and she answered not to him, but to Claudia.

"If it will give you pleasure, yes," she replied, with a deeper blush than ever, and Frank knelt beside her, and, drawing her yielding form to his, sealed the contract with a loving kiss.

"I feared so much to ask you," he said. "My darling, how happy you have made me."

"It is for Claudia's sake I have consented," she answered, with a look which plainly told, however, that the pleasure would not be confined to her. "Whatever she wishes must be done."

"And quickly, too," interrupted Claudia. "I should not like you to carry the remembrance of a death-bed among the memories of your wedding-day, and mine is not far distant. Heaven bless you for your consent, my dear," she continued, pressing her wasted lips on Alma's hand. "You'll not mind going without the splendors of a grand wedding to please an invalid's whims, will you?"

"I would do anything—sacrifice anything to please you. What do I not owe you? more than I can ever repay."

And so it was arranged that they should be married by special license in the little drawing-room of Claudia's villa. There were to be no troops of admiring friends, no grand breakfast, or bridal attire—and only one bridesmaid, who would be the bride of death herself ere long—and Mrs. Eversfield and Dorothy would act as witnesses.

It does not take long to arrange the preliminaries of such a ceremony, and the next day, although Alma had pleaded earnestly for a little longer delay, in which desire she had been overruled by everybody—even Mrs. Eversfield telling her that her hesitation was out of place—the very next day the clergyman of the parish, who had been extremely attentive to Claudia, arrived with his clerk, and was ushered into the room, which had been fitted for the ceremony. Claudia's couch had been already wheeled in, and she reclined upon it in a pure white dress, looking so bright and happy that it was hard to believe that she was dying.

Lovely—with an ethereal beauty belonging not to this earth—she wore no ornament in her dark hair, over which Dorothy with a foreigner's love of costume, had thrown a rich lace veil.

Presently Mrs. Eversfield came in, and the clergyman retired to robe himself, while Alma and Frank took their places at the extemporized altar.

The tying of the knot which is to last "till death do us part," is not a very lengthy affair, and before even Claudia's wan face showed any trace of fatigue the two, so long separated, were man and wife. It was a simple, solemn ceremony, which none present ever forgot, and when it was over Claudia embraced the newly-made man and wife tenderly, for the second time pressing on Frank's lips a kiss, pure as a sister's.

He understood full well the source of the tears which filled her eyes when she embraced him—how deeply she had loved, and how unselfishly, and his own cheeks were wet with other tears than hers.

"We will leave you now, dear Claudia, for awhile," he said, laying her back gently on the couch. "You need repose after this excitement."

"Yes, go now," she answered; "but return to me soon. Let me have both of you with me while I live. You will have each other many happy years, I hope, when I am resting quietly in the grave."

They left the room softly, and the dying girl fell into bitter weeping. Her purpose was accomplished, and the two she loved so well were joined together for life; but in this moment of approaching death, life had never seemed as sweet to her as now, and she wept hysterically, till her tears seemed to relieve her, and she fell asleep.

The snow lay thick and white upon the ground, and church bells were ringing out a joyous welcome to the day of days when shone the star o'er Bethlehem to herald the birth of the world's Redeemer, and as the merry peal rang out upon the still night air, Claudia Wynne lay dying.

For days they had watched her as she lay, placid and happy, thinking that each hour would be her last; but ever and anon she roused and spoke to those about her.

There was no suffering, no wild struggle with the grim conqueror to affright the hearts of the watchers; all was calm, peace, and gentle sinking to rest, as a babe may drop to sleep in its mother's arms. Many a kindly message went from her darkened room to her old friends at the Elysium, and many a little trinket found its way to the humbler members of Mr. Golightly's company—people who never dreamed of being remembered by the once brilliant and successful actress.

She had remembered everybody in her will, leaving a sum to her faithful old nurse which was sufficient to set her forever above want. To Alma she bequeathed her jewels, no mean legacy, for amongst them were numbered royal gifts of wondrous beauty and great intrinsic value. Frank Vavasour received the casket which had played so memorable a part in restoring his early love to him, and Mr. Golightly broke down and cried piteously over a magnificent diamond ring, which reached him only a few days before her death, with a slip of paper, on which was inscribed a few feebly-traced characters in Claudia's handwriting.

The remainder of her property, and she was rich, even for her short span of popularity, was divided—one-half to Frank, the other to the different charities connected with her profession, in equal proportions.

But this was not known until after her death. Frank did not know it on that snowy Christmas Eve when he jumped hastily out of a cab at the villa door.

He carried something in his hand, carefully wrapped up in silver paper, which he examined anxiously as soon as he entered the house.

It was a simple bunch of flowers, pale primroses surrounded by their leaves, neither so fragrant nor so bright in hue as if they had been gathered in their native hedgerows, but living, scented buds of spring for all that.

"I promised she should see one again," he murmured, "and I have kept my word."

He was about to go up-stairs when Alma met him.

"What is it?" he asked, anxiously, for her cheeks were stained with tears and her eyes were swollen.

"Come at once," she answered, "you are just in time."

No need to ask the meaning of her words, and he followed her without speaking, the flowers in his hand, and would be till the veil dropped. She recognized the flowers too, and her eyes turned to them eagerly.

In time! ah, there could be no question that the end was very near. The shadow of the dark valley was already on Claudia's face when he entered the room, though her eyes were lit with a ray of the brightness which lay beyond it.

Frank leaned over her, and touched her hand.

"Claudia," he whispered, "do you know me?"

Know him? Yes. He was ever in her thoughts.

"Raise me," she murmured. "Let me see the flowers."

He lifted her on the couch, and her head rested upon his shoulder. Alma stood looking sorrowfully on, while Dorothy, unable to control her emotion, cronched at the foot of the sofa, with her head buried in the clothes.

"You have brought spring with you," she said to Frank, in choking accents. "Sweet spring! sweet flowers!"

And then—ah! who can tell when the imprisoned soul flies from its mortal body? Claudia Wynne had spoken her last words on earth, and Frank Vavasour held in his arms only her lifeless clay.

THE END.

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANOTHER VISITOR TO N——.

It was a bitterly cold morning, even for the early spring, and Lady Melbourne was importunate that Angela should telegraph and defer her return: but she would listen to no excuse.

"Her dearest friend was alone in her house," she said, "her guardian had sent for her, and she must go."

"I am confident that Earle Templeton, as soon as he opens his eyes, will send you a second dispatch—if he could think it possible for you to be so imprudent as to start," said Lady Millicent.

But Earle Templeton had just rung for Carlos to his room when Angela had seated herself in the train.

The Hon. Douglas Stewart was indignant that he had to speak on a grand issue that day and could not leave.

"But I shall stop at your home when I leave London," he whispered.

"Pray take care of yourself," every one was saying, as the train gave a preparatory start.

"I have no fears. You may be sure I will do that," she answered, laughingly, glad to be out of the sharp wind that swept with angry force through the streets all filled with snow, and away from the obstreperous hackney coachmen who had made her quite deaf with their noise. The lunge of the train had only been a trial of steam power, however, and the long line of coaches stood still for one moment more. And Angela looking out, saw Lady Millicent Melbourne's carriage flashing with the emblazonry of her coat-of-arms, in the rising sunlight, just beyond the window. Douglas Stewart was looking back at that moment, and she waved her hand. But there was another loud whistle at the moment—the nipping air penned in with fresh vigor. Lady Millicent, the Hon. Douglas Stewart and the rest seemed like automatons jerked away on wires. Then the houses and lamp-posts outside were affected as the trees and hills are reported to have been in the olden time, by the strains of Orpheus, and to be dancing in a mad galop, in opposite parallel lines to that on which she was starting.

One, two, three; the last of the station outposts flashed out of sight; and soon the blue-black smoke from the engine began to throw its dark clouds over country farm-houses, meadows, woods and solitudes with panoramic rapidity.

Angela Tressylian's face, as we have said, was a bewilderingly beautiful one, even to those whose dull perceptions are never awakened by the subtle witchery of expression, that has greater inherent power than absolute faultlessness of form.

Never had she appeared more beautiful than on this morning. A copyist in art—any of the mere imitators, would have transferred her face to canvas; but it would have been for the clearly-cut Greek features, that even on mathematical principles must have seemed a triumph to the most rigid precision. Paul Veronese would have worshipped her forever, and made her his prototype—blending the golden waves of her hair, or some distinct feature of her face, with the ideal delineations of his innumerable works. Apelles, who "painted for posterity," would have been content to labor patiently for years over one of his few but still famous portraits, could he have caught and transferred the wondrous, bewildering, translucent light of those large dark eyes, as they appeared to the man who had been sitting near her for the last half hour, watching the lights and shadows that chased each other in their shining depths like dancing fairies. There was something entrancing to this man in the fresh upturned face, with its speaking lines of suspense, nay as yet almost undeveloped thought and passion.

He was contrasting the diaphanous splendor of her natural complexion with the small, bright brown freckle on the left of her chin; ("Thank Heaven," he muttered, "it is not court-plaster,") and the heavy braids of shining hair that could have left no room for a modern artificial coiffeur, with the imported cosmetics and chignons that add so largely to the sum of feminine perfections in town life.

The man who sat near her—tall, dark and beautiful himself, as few men in real life are—had been watching her with a look of terrible, eager, intense admiration; a look that would have caused Douglas Stewart to frown indignantly, and Earle Templeton to take him by the ears. Perhaps he had imagined that the intensity of his gaze would mesmerically attract her own; but he was growing recklessly impatient with vexation, when at last, as if wearied with the outer prospect, or the introspection in which she had been indulging, she looked up.

"Do you know whether we shall stop long at Flasham, where I shall have to change cars?"

"Only twenty minutes," he responded, glancing at his jewelled watch. "You will go on to N——, I believe."

He was amused at the arched brow; the little look of surprise upon her face.

"Will your guardian certainly meet you?" he continued.

"I hope so," replied Angela, with a quick start. "Do you know him?"

"No; but I think I can guess his name. May I try?"

"If you choose. Yes."

"The Hon. Earle Templeton."

"Then if you do not know him, I am sure you do not me," said Angela, with another arch of her brows. "Are you a necromancer?"

"Something in the Faustus order, eh?" he said, with a frown. "Well, I have German blood in my veins, though my swarthy complexion might suggest to you an inhabitant from the banks of the Po, the Arno, or the Guadalquiver, rather than the Rhine. However to return to our 'muttons,' every one has heard of Earle Templeton. He is public property in England. Are you travelling alone?"

"Yes. At least under the protecting ægis of the train conductor."

"Then, Miss Tressylian, in his absence let me modestly offer you the shelter of my wing, as I am going directly to N—— to see him. I may be able to serve you, and you will secure me an inalienable right to an extraordinarily comfortable seat."

"Then," said Angela, "it is really I who must protect you."

"As you will," he answered, with a shrug of his Apollonic shoulders. "I don't know which would be the pleasanter in this case, protection conferred or received. But will you consent?"

"That depends," answered Angela, mischievously. "As the case is put we might consider ourselves under mutual obligations to entertain each other, and—suppose I, for example, should prefer reading my book?"

"No mariner ever studied the sky at the prospect of a storm as I should do your face for the first shadow of weariness. And then, Miss Tressylian, I should be mute as an Eastern slave."

"You address me by name," said Angela, "How did you know it?"

"I guessed it."

He smiled at the serious look she assumed in retribution for her baffled inquiry, while she took up a volume of green and gold from beneath her travelling shawl.

"You are provided with a weapon of offence, I see?"

"Say rather of defence," she replied, with a flash of mischief from her dark eyes.

"In this case they are synonymous terms," he answered. "But I was reminded a moment since of an indecorum on my part, at which your position will not allow you to hint, though you were ten times a daughter of Eve. I am fully aware of your name and distinction; while you might address me as 'Herr Von Smidt,' for instance."

"What's in a name?" she answered, readily. "Positive appellations are often flat and prosaic."

"Then for fear you may dub me Mr. John Smith, I must beg you to glance at my card."

He slipped a bit of pearl paper from a jewelled card-case which he carried and held it toward her, and looking up she read—"Hugo Karl Schiller Clare."

"You are not Schiller Clare, the brother of my friend Evelyn Clare?" cried Angela, in pretty, delighted astonishment.

"Yes; and you will now see that I had a double right to know you; first from your picture, which Evelyn was unwise enough to be ever exhibiting, and, secondly, because every fashionable who stops in London hears such a description of Miss Tressylian, that he must know her the moment he beholds her from all others."

"And Evelyn is at my home!" repeated Angela, "to which, of course, you are going. You were quite naughty not to tell me who you were at first, instead of frightening me with stories of the Rhine, and leaving me to fear that I might be making an improper acquaintance."

"I spoke the simple truth," he answered. "My mother was—as you may have heard Evelyn say—the daughter of a German baron, and I am a collateral descendant of the immortal literateur Schiller, which you would expect me to say from the similarity of our names, whether it were truth or not. I am, however, familiarly known to my friends, and perhaps to you as 'Karl.'"

"Short and sweet," said Angela, with a laugh.

"Thank you for looking at me once more, now that you know who I am," he replied, with one of his blandest smiles. "Your eyes are the electric fire that infuses courage into my sluggish nature. The battery was masked when their lashes were lowered, and a sense of chivalry forbade my attacking you—unless you provoked me beyond endurance. You will see Evelyn, the same dauntless British maid that you knew awhile back, when you arrive; so we must not deprive her of the pleasure of telling you everything by talking about her now. We will then drop Miss Clare until circumstances force her upon us. You have a new book. May I inquire what it is?"

"Can you not guess the title of that also?" she asked, laughing.

"No. I am only clairvoyant where thinking, sentient human nature is concerned. I will not attempt to 'guess' that."

"It is not necessarily a new book, even in a woman's hands, because it is a new edition," she said.

"Confessed," he returned, approvingly. "But you will not afford me the poor consolation of knowing for whose thoughts you were about to resign my own? It is wrong to suppose that mental diseases, like those of the body, are not contagious. To be shut up for hours and even days, with closely contagious stupidity, is as bad as to be locked in a room with spilled chloroform. I had struggled against it all night, but was relapsing into the prevailing comatose state in spite of myself when you came in this morning, and I gasped for breath, as a man so situated must inevitably do, when he catches the first inspiration of the free air of Heaven. My respiratory organs are not yet fully restored, or I might have astonished you with an original observation myself, in all this time."

"Whenever you are confident of success, I give you permission to interrupt me," replied Angela, lifting the obnoxious volume threateningly. "But perhaps it is my duty to warn you, that you would do so at great risk. Your rival is 'The Attic Philosopher.'"

"Ah," he answered, quickly, "from the French of Emile Souvestre. Have you not read it before?"

"No. But looking into it yesterday I saw that it was just the sort of book I always enjoy when travelling alone. There is no crowding of incident, absorbing one's attention to the entire oblivion of objects and circumstances which one should not fail to notice. A detached thought, a single felicity of expression gives me food for contemplation, and I go into a revery over it, until erratic fancy embraces everything from yonder rugged scarp of mountains to the emerald ring you wear."

He felt the spell of her thousand witcheries tenfold enhanced as she spoke, glancing up at him, and then out at the swiftly-receding scenery; her face so irradiant with soul that it seemed almost transfigured.

"Yes," he replied, softly, "it is just as you say. It is the revery of a poet, but a poet in the desert. The wings of his fancy soar unto weariness, but there is no other resting-place than the arid, burning sands at last."

"Nay," she replied, with an enthusiasm that entranced him, "if we could all be 'Attic Philosophers,' we should each possess the clue to the only really noble aspirations in life."

"The dead-sea fruit of a pulseless, stagnant existence," he answered, in a low, sonorous tone. "What else can there be? He paints half-starving humanity as reaching that condition for which I can find no name—the Greeks call it stoicism, and Monsieur Souvestre, philosophy—the condition to which the Irishman wished to reduce his horse, viz, that of living without food, or any of the vulgar necessities of life, and in which he might have succeeded had not the unlucky animal died, just as he had got him to that next best condition, a single straw a day. There is no subject, no hope, no love, no happiness, and therefore no life. Only a sardonic grin over a vapid existence, on the poor principle that it is better to laugh than be sighing. May Heaven deliver us from the cruel necessity of such philosophy? What is your clue, Miss Tressylian? The grave? Oblivion?"

"Obedience to God!" she answered, simply. And as he did not answer immediately, her eyes fell for one moment on her book.

A singular expression—a gleam of gratification, followed by a cold, worldly sneer, passed over his handsome face, but she did not see it. It was well for him that she did not, or the momentary repulsion that had come upon her in spite of herself might have deepened into a lasting prejudice. It was but the pause of an instant, however, and he resumed.

"One more interruption, Miss Tressylian, before you give your book an absolute preference. What sort of adoration do you think those dead souls that have never thrilled with a single foretaste of beatitude, who have resolutely put from them every blessing that might have evoked a 'Te Deum' from their hearts, and made them vocal with thanksgiving, could feel for the great Dispenser of all good? If there be a Heaven, I believe it is that perfected state of being, where we shall reap the full and satisfactory fruition of all the joys we dream of here. All the allurements, the glittering vanities, the sins, if you will, of this life, are counterfeits of the perfect, immortal felicity to which our longing souls aspire."

"Are they not rather the counterfeit allurements with which the powers of evil would entice us from a higher allegiance?" asked Angela, warmly. "You surely would not inculcate the pernicious sophistry that we must rush headlong into sin, in order to know the full blessedness of pardon? Our imaginations and aspirations may become distorted or perverted until there is nothing that whispers of Heaven in all our hearts. Do you define the 'one star differing from another star in glory,' as but the difference between those who have the greater or the less capacity of thought and feeling here? Then your Goethe or Byron would be rivals of Martin Luther and of John Calvin amid the beautiful throng!"

"Nay," he laughed, "I would not have you think that all the materialism of 'mein faderland' necessarily clings to me. I claim no nativity, and no fixed school of opinions. I am cosmopolitan, and if I am not sufficiently orthodox, you may teach me at leisure. I will say too that I think it is to be deeply regretted that truth may not always have so able an advocate as yourself. I see, however, that I have placed myself at a disadvantage with your Attic Philosopher, and for fear you may impose your threatened decree of silence, I will return even to Evelyn, and tell you all her mad pranks of the last year."

"Neither silenced nor subdued," she laughed, "but here we are at Flasham, and after you have led me to our train, and seen to my baggage I grant the permission to Evelyn Clare's brother which I should have done to no other, and will suffer you to return, and entertain me in any way you may think best."

"Thank you. I am not half so confident of success as I might have been some hours ago, but my efforts shall be the greater."

And in truth he did seem to succeed beyond his aspirations, for they were each startled in the midst of a laughing discussion when the train halted at the depot at N——.

"Mr. Templeton is not here," said Angela looking out; "he could hardly indeed have expected me—as Lady Melbourne said—to be so mad; but he shall see that I am a good soldier and obey orders. You can secure a hired carriage, and we will go up together."

Earle Templeton was standing with negligent grace near Angela's piano, talking with Miss Clare, when the door opened, and the latter entered with her strange escort.

"Darling Eva," cried Angela, embracing her with the tenderest affection, "introduce me again to your Brother Karl, that I may present him to my guardian, and ask him to bid him a welcome but half as cordial as I give you, and he can never complain of our hospitality."

"You did not then receive Mr. Templeton's telegram, commanding you to wait until to-morrow," said Miss Clare, "or you are learning my rebellion, and defying all restrictions. But Mr. Templeton, this is my brother, Karl Clare, who feels it a fraternal duty I suppose to follow me around the country. Will you do him the honor to add him to the list of your acquaintances?"

And Earle Templeton, stepping forward, with a resistless elegance that Philip Stanhope or Sir Charles Grandison could not have rivalled, gave his hand, with words of stately grace, to the handsome young man at Angela Tressylian's side, while a fierce, terrible, consuming jealousy burned in his breast, and would have

prompted thoughts dire as those of Macbeth, when Duncan slumbered for a night as "he had purposed" in his castle.

For struggle as he may have done, in all the past, to hide the (to him) appalling truth, in this hour, as he beheld her standing there, he knew that he—the guardian who had promised dispassionately to watch over her life's happiness—loved her, as he had never loved the mother in his youth—loved her as he had never dreamed of this grand, aye, after all, this master passion of our souls, in all the vanished years—loved her, as he believed, against reason and against hope, blindly, madly, deathlessly, with a passion that would have made him offer up his heart's blood in unheeded libations at her feet, while from his pallid lips a cry went up to Heaven for aid and strength.

CHAPTER XLIII.

STILL ON THE TRAIL.

And the days and weeks went by, and still Angela Tressylian dreamed not in her innocence of the feelings she had inspired in her guardian's breast. He had not struggled all these years in vain—he could crush down this living agony and smile still, and be all things for her sake. Even Evelyn Clare, with all her sharp worldliness, had not fathomed his secret. All her efforts to penetrate the polished steel of his invincible armor had been to no purpose.

And Karl had sat and talked and smoked and walked and ridden with this never-changing, seemingly pamionless hero of select circles, without ever dreaming that here might be the formidable rival who should at last blight his own hopes, with those of a score of other distinguished aspirants. For Karl Clare, the gay and debonnaire, formerly as fickle as he had been unscrupulous in his loves, had also concentrated upon Angela Tressylian the affections and aspirations of a lifetime, and was determined to spare no efforts to win her hand. He had begun to believe, too, that he might have reasonable hopes of success. He was young, handsome, talented and wealthy, holding an unquestionable position in society, and as yet he could see no reason why his own chances should not hold good amongst the best of them.

And how did Angela herself regard him?

Perhaps it would have been difficult for her to decide just at this time. She had found him always pleasing and agreeable, full of anecdotes of the people he had met, sometimes severe in satire, and ever alternating from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with a versatility of talent that could not fail to amuse her. And sometimes, of late, she had begun to feel in need of diversion. Every one could see that she was slowly losing that really merry freshness of childhood—the gayety of the heart—that had characterized her on her first introduction into society. Was she falling in love?

Karl Clare asked himself the question, and believing that he would be the object of her choice, secretly hoped that she was. Evelyn also rallied her, but could come to no conclusion.

"I cannot fathom this great master of romance, and of those stern realities called law and politics," she said half-seriously to Angela one morning, as they sat in the boudoir of the latter. "I have tried your guardian, dear, to no purpose. He has performed all the duties of a host to perfection. He has escorted me to places of amusement, has been enthusiastic in his praises of my music, has been ever ready in compliment, and even with the double entendre of sentiment, that might mean nothing or everything to one less a woman of the world than myself; but I should not be surprised if it be the most unpleasant stroke of policy that he has been called on to use in years, for I am quite sure he does not even like me."

"Nay," said Angela warmly, "I am sure you do him a great injustice. He would like you because I do."

"Silly child! Do you flatter yourself so much?"

Angela blushed vividly.

"I know, Eva, that he loves me very tenderly."

"And I am as thoroughly persuaded, ma chere," replied Miss Clare, "that he loves nothing but his own worldly, ambitious schemes. He has the head of Antinous, and the brain of—Monsieur de Talleyrand, for example, but he has no heart."

"No, Evelyn, no!" cried Miss Tressylian. "I will not hear that, even from you. He has no heart! when the grandeur of his soul often makes me feel how little and mean is all the rest of the world in comparison! My greatest grief is that I cannot comprehend him—that his simplest thoughts are so far beyond me. I should like to feel that while I have all the watchful devotion that the tenderest of brothers could give a sister, my companionship might be some pleasure or comfort to him."

"You are enthusiastic, as all women are when his name is mentioned," said Miss Clare, thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is well that my own heart was given away when I came here, and that I am to be married so soon, or I too might have sighed in wretchedness for the remainder of my life. He is still faultlessly handsome, is he not?"

"Yes," replied Angela, unhesitatingly, "and that is the least of all his attractions. He is so great and good! And Evelyn, I am sure, as prosperous as he seems to have been, that he has suffered greatly in his life."

"That is your romantic imagination," said Miss Clare, with a meaning smile. "Do you remember your school valedictory on 'Hero Worship,' that even the press lauded so highly? Bear it carefully in mind, my dear, when I am gone, for you are in great danger."

"How? I do not comprehend you," returned Angela, with a bewildered look.

"Then I will not enlighten you," replied her friend, seriously; "but the time is not far distant when you will recall all that I have said. You may write to me about it then."

"I fear you will always be too deep for me," replied Angela, laughing; "but there is my guardian's bell, and it is time we were dressing for luncheon." And the two young ladies retired to their separate rooms.

"I wonder," thought Miss Clare, meditatively, "if Angela can be as innocent as she seems? Yet it must be. She is not yet adept enough in the ways of the world to hide her feelings from me. And, poor child, she will awaken full soon. I must warn Karl to be on his guard."

In the meantime Earle Templeton had been spending some hours of the morning busily writing. The door of his room, leading into the library, stood ajar, and his pale, classic face, with the broad, intellectual brow, was turned in profile toward it. No one seeing him thus, in the privacy of his own room, could have failed to note the prevailing expression of melancholy stamped upon every feature. He might banish it at will, to call up the courtly smile, or to give utterance to the blandishments of the courtier before the world. But here every line of the proud face told of a great heart crushed by its burden of woe.

It was thus that Angela had seen him so often of late, when strolling into the library for a moment she had looked in on him through the open door; and seeing, had been touched with a tender pity, until she had gone forth again with the shadow on her own fair face, wondering what it was, and vainly wishing that he would deem her worthy to share the secret of his great trouble, whatever it might be.

And Karl Clare, standing this morning in the embrasure of the library window opposite, marvelled at this, to him, wholly new and softened light in the great man's face, and felt at the moment a love and reverence for him that he had never awarded to man before. But at the moment that he strove to analyze it, Templeton looked up, and seeing him, frowned slightly, hesitated an instant, and came in to him with his habitual cold polish of manner and look.

"Forgive me," said Karl, with easy grace. "I had requested a private interview with you at eleven, and I came in without announcement, expecting to find you here."

"True," returned Templeton, formally. "It is I who should beg pardon. I was engaged, and as usual under such circumstances, the moments flew by unheeded. It is," looking up at a bronze clock above the door, "several minutes past the hour, and, Mr. Clare, pray consider me at your service as long as you will."

"Nay," answered the young man, with a slight flush upon his handsome face. "I think you have already guessed my business here, or at any rate it is soon told. Mr. Templeton, with your calm penetration you must have seen long ago that I love your ward, Miss Tressylian, and that it is of her I would speak." In spite of his efforts to control himself, the young man's voice grew husky and his bosom heaved with the intensity of his emotion. The smile of derision that half rose to Templeton's lips was suppressed; but the cold, fathomless eyes looked up at him without one ray of sympathy.

"You have my utmost attention, Mr. Clare."

"Then, sir," cried the young man, "there is only one other remark necessary. Have I your permission to speak to Miss Tressylian in person—to tell her of my hopes?"

"You have hope, then?"

"Life could not be borne without it," he exclaimed, passionately. "Yet that question from you sounded like my death knell. Do you think I have been too presumptuous?"

"You are mistaken in your first assertion," replied Templeton, slowly. "And for the last, I should be presumptuous to decide. But, Mr. Clare, I have heard of you as involved in many similar affairs before. Are you quite sure that this will be more lasting?"

"My God! how dead to the allurements of woman's charms you must be, to be able to look at Miss Tressylian and then suggest a thought of infidelity!" cried Karl. "Whether scorned or accepted, I shall worship Miss Tressylian to the hour of my death."

"I have said nothing of her," replied Templeton, with a momentary look of haughtiness, "only that three months ago you were swearing the same thing to Miss Hamilton of Dare."

"I have sent back her letters and ring—"

"Cease!" said Templeton, haughtily. "I do not ask for your confidence in other matters, nor would I insinuate that Miss Tressylian might not hold even your volatile nature in perpetual thraldom. I only wished to remind you of a fact which I suppose you have not forgotten—that you are dealing with me now, and not with Hugh Hamilton. I know your position, Mr. Clare, your wealth and your prospects, and against them I can say nought. Your wish is, then, to speak to Miss Tressylian in person?"

"Yes."

Earle Templeton rang a silver bell, and Carlos looked in.

"Send Juliette to Miss Tressylian, and say that, if agreeable, I should be pleased to see her a few moments here."

The man bowed and withdrew, and Templeton and his guest sat, each with a book in hand, until Angela in all her glorious beauty, which had never impressed either of the two more forcibly than now, came into the room. It is needless to say that neither of them had read. But Templeton had never seemed less moved than when he advanced to meet her and took her hand.

"My dear ward," he said, "you know under what circumstances you were left to me—your happiness to be the most sacred charge of my life. I do not think you will require me to assure you again that I do regard it pre-eminently as such, in leaving to the dictates of your own heart to decide a question which Mr. Clare has proposed to me—a question directly bearing upon this subject. And you will please bear in mind, Angela, that in all worldly regards—to which it might be my duty to look—he has my approval." He bowed in reverence or devotion toward her as he ceased, and, turning, passed out through the corridor, and down toward his stables. As he came back, Carlos met him with a package of letters.

"It was the postman's ring, sir," he said, briefly, and Templeton, receiving the bundle, sought his own chamber. Petitions for support in a thousand different ways—for a silent partnership in his profession; for the encouragement of his name in letters; congratulations from men, and badly-spelt laudations from women, were passed by unheeded. At length, however, the signature, the chirography, or the first few lines of one of these communications, riveted his wandering attention, and for the moment rendered him oblivious of everything about him.

This was the subject of the letter:

"The world gives you credit for an exalted sense of honor, and Miss Tressylian affirms that you have deep feeling. Are they correct? For once you are leaving your friends in doubt. Are you so far-sighted that you can read all the hidden intricacies of government with the secret promptings of other men's hearts, yet are blind to the emotions of your own and those about you? Your worst enemies are unwilling to believe that with a full consciousness of your power over women, you took the young and beautiful daughter of Carroll Tressylian to your own home that you might forever destroy her peace. What then is your object? Those who have looked at you with more critical eyes than you would imagine, believe that her wonderful beauty has wrought a great change even in your cold and ordinarily unimpressionable nature. You must have seen, for they who run can read, that Miss Tressylian loves you with all the ardor of her generous, impassioned nature. This is the firm conviction of all who know her, who have watched her while her gaze would follow you through crowded halls, have seen her cheeks flush, and her eyes sparkle at the cheers which greeted you, and her whole face light up when you approach her as it does for no other. Can you think of this and not be melted? Her modesty, as great as her beauty, may have led you to doubt her, for she would naturally throw all the reserve that she could summon up around her, when in your presence; but with your penetration, you have only to study her for half an hour to be convinced of what we say. Your duty then, Earle Templeton, to the daughter of your best friend, to the child of the woman whose death sigh was heaved upon your bosom, and for whom you pledged every effort of your life to secure happiness, is plain and unavoidable. She loves you, and you are compelled to offer her your hand, your fortune and your name. You dare not hesitate; or both of you must suffer incalculably in the estimation of the world, to whose good opinion you have attached a value, it is to be regretted, above all domestic happiness. Be warned and act promptly.

"A FRIEND."

"Fools! Insensate fools!" muttered Templeton, hoarsely, as he crushed the letter in his hand. "That they should dare to look upon her guileless nature and attribute to her the motives that might actuate their own coarser souls! I would remorselessly crush them, as I do the shallow and insolent advice which they have presumed to thrust upon me," and he threw the crumpled sheet upon the hearth, and set his foot upon it. "So perish every thought which it may have awakened!" he added, as he beheld it shrivel into ashes, and he turned and strode out beneath the great lime trees to recover his composure. But strive as he would, the recollection would not down at his bidding, and there were moments when, despite all his efforts, he found himself hugging a fierce and terrible joy to his breast.

(To be continued in our next. Condensed in No. 16.)

THE MODERN UNDINE.

BY PHŒNIX.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more—"

Her face, as reflected in the deep mirror of the stream as she leaned over the side of the boat, was wondrously beautiful. The eyes large violet, with a soft, dreamy look in them; her hair, as it floated in rich masses, looked like a golden cloud; but the mouth, with its wistful expression, and the dignity of pose and loveliness of manner, outrival description; and yet there was a "something" lacking. The dove-like eyes had no soul lying lurking in their violet depths ready to greet responsively that of another, and in the voice there was lacking that sympathetic chord that betrays secrets. Yet she was wondrously beautiful as she sat leaning on her oars, bandying smart speeches with two in another boat passing up the river.

"Don't you two get dreadfully tired of 'spooning' all day long? I should think it would tire you fearfully, Mr. Vintnor."

"You are not a judge, Miss Marion," said he, lazily looking from under the brim of his hat, "though that is not the fault of the men."

"I often tell Marion," drawled a sleepy voice from the bow of the boat, "that she will be an old maid."

"That invulnerable fortress," said Paul Vintnor, tapping his heart, "will not remain long unoccupied, for Guy Laurie is coming down here to-night; he is to be your groomsman month after next, and Rosa and I want you to know him beforehand."

"You seem to have arranged it between you; but who is this paragon I am (to use one of your favorite expressions) to fall in love with?"

"Guy Laurie? Oh, a nice enough fellow, we men would say; 'lovely' is the young lady term, I believe."

"Divine," murmured a soft voice from the bows.

"Maybe he'd better be groom then," said Marion's mocking, teasing voice as she rowed off.

"Me in love!" she said to herself; "how absurd. Who can imagine such a thing, and above all to be captivated at first sight, bah! Divine is he! I wonder what he'll look like? Red-haired, bandy-legged, and a squint, I should not wonder."

But these surmises were soon to be put to flight by something more tangible, for as she reached the landing she saw a tall, handsome stranger standing beside Rose and her lover.

"The 'divinity,' I suppose," she murmured to herself. Then with her usual nonchalance she rowed the boat to shore.

"I am very happy to make the acquaintance of one so long esteemed by my friend, Paul Vintnor." A mere form such as might have been said at any introduction, nothing to make a girl blush for, and yet there Marion stood blushing and trembling as she had never done before.

Why is it that some people possess this power over others. The power of thrilling them through and through? Why is it that a bond of sympathetic feeling can make two strangers feel like old friends? Is it the remembrance of something that happened long ago in a far-off spirit land? I am sometimes inclined to think it is—for here is a girl loved by many, and yet unloving in return, who had never felt a spark of romantic feeling before, trembling under the glance of a stranger, whose words, a very nothing in themselves, have the power to give birth to blushes on her cheek. Marion spent that evening in a trance. There was no longer no soul in the eyes. The shy, upward glances seemed to reveal the birth of it as they came from beneath the heavy curling lashes.

She was entranced that evening, and let her glances rove unmindful where they willed.

But Marion, not a flirt, and being ill able to disguise her real feeling, awoke next morning with a sense of shame, to think of the construction that could have been put upon her manner.

"Could this be the same young lady," Guy thought, "who had let her hand linger so in his the night before?" He had liked her with an unquestioning faith then, but to-day he was not unquestioning, and his faith was diminished. "What makes her so different?" he asked of Paul, "she is like a chameleon."

"Oh, I don't know, it's her way; don't grow to like her; I did once, but she would not have me, and I had to take her sister."

"Don't fear for me, old fellow—I'm seasoned."

Walks, rides, drives and boating served only to increase the liking so suddenly sprung up between Guy and Marion. They were on the river just as she was the first time we met her a week ago, idly drifting—he repeating poetry to her at intervals.

"I would that my love could silently flow in a single word," said he, looking lazily at her; a world of meaning hidden beneath his tone.

She had liked him well enough till now, for she had drifted on, and on, never thinking of love, but at these words she began to think more of what had been going on, and to put their real significance to words, looks and poetry, a thing she had not thought of doing before. Now as she stood on the brink of hearing an "avowal," her old hatred of mankind rushed over her, leaving her the same Undine-like girl she had been before.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

"So she is a flirt," said Guy, "lets a fellow go just so far and no farther. There is a sort of 'Noli me tangere' about her that's taking."

"Taking," I'm afraid it was rather to Guy. Struggling against a man one cannot help liking is but a feeble fluttering; and so Marion found it, so that she was cool one day—herself the next; and reproaching herself between times for either line of conduct; at the same time trying to argue herself into the belief that she cared "nothing in particular" for him, and would be rather glad when the wedding was over and he gone. Yet she could not account for that thrill of pain at the word gone. Ah! Marion, did ever love struggle more slowly to truth than thine? Is the modern Undine an unique being?

Only a month before the wedding of Rosa; every one is excited about her presents, her trousseau, her "tout ensemble," and every one agrees that it will be the prettiest wedding ever seen in the town, and they are all sitting in the parlor, Rosa and Paul in a distant corner, the tones sounding like the low humming of bees, and Marion and Guy sitting under the full glare of the light.

"Sing something to me; you promised the first night you came, and you have never sung yet. Grant me this as a favor, Mr. Laurie?"

"I can refuse you nothing, but not here, not in the full glare of gas-light, with two other people in the room. Another time."

Provoked at being refused, at not having a favor granted, she turned abruptly aside, angry at the tears of mortification that would not be mastered. "Very well."

"Do you really care so much to hear me sing? Come with me then to the melodeon in the library." At first she thought she would not, but led by an uncontrollable impulse, she followed him into the library, a room gloomy enough in itself; the faces looking from out the picture frames seeming to smile down on them, as if reminded of their own youthful follies in years gone by.

It was only a little, simple song, a song of one whose unrequited love, sent him wandering far over the wild, wide world, looking for peace which was found only in the grave. A song in its realest sense, being a tale of improbability. Yet she sat listening to him, with parted lips and head thrown forward, while every now and then a bright drop trickled unrestrained upon the ivory keys; and as the last chord was struck, and the last note crept through the long depth of the hall, he turned to find her deep violet eyes shining out of their dewy depths to meet his, her graceful form trembling with the emotion which his singing had awakened.

"Did you like it?"

"Like it! Oh, Mr. Laurie!"

"My own little girl. Is it not?" pressing the soft hands in his.

The last shadowy sound had died away, and with it this new-born passion which his song had called forth, but it was with trembling lips that she answered—

"I don't love you, Mr. Laurie. I have been called heartless, a flirt, and—"

"There is one more stanza to my song. Would you like to hear it?" and the deep voice sounded through the hall, heaving in a vague and billowy unrest.

Has each person, I wonder, a "key-note" to their character which renders them vulnerable to one in perfect unison with them? I doubt it, and yet how else account for this story, unless we say that the modern Undine found her soul through caprice, and through no "sympathetic chord" whatever.

Be it or be it not caprice that moved Marion this time, the feeling was more lasting. As Guy's song ended he did not turn as before, but sat, his face buried in his hands.

"Have I wounded you?" she said, leaning forward.

"Yes, unspeakably, but I, too, can go out to seek peace, I suppose."

"And die?"

"Yes, die; I suppose so." Wearily playing over the refrain, and ending with the last few chords.

"But I cannot let you."

"You will take back those cruel words, those heartless words that you uttered just now?"

"Yes all, every one, if you will."

"And what words will you give me instead?"

"Thine forever and ever."

"Forever and ever," and so their compact of mutual love was sealed, and the people of C—— saw two of the prettiest weddings they ever saw in their lives instead of one.

Undine won at last! The long lingering "soul" brought to the light of mortal eyes by sympathetic power. May Heaven bless thee, Marion, and make thy life a happy one, and thy death different from that of the Undine of olden story.

☞ Thaddeus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., the scale manufacturer, has been created a Knight of the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph, by the Emperor of Austria. Sir Thaddeus will have to emigrate to enjoy the dignity.

☞ Mrs. Julia Ward Howe asserts that while men riot and revolutionize, "there is nothing but dumb submission for women." Which the Kingston Freeman supplements with the sympathetic remark that "Julia's dumbness is one of the most affecting spectacles of the age."

☞ A woman in Jacksonville, Ill., left an uncorked bottle of ether in her bedroom when she retired and her friends had great difficulty in waking her.

☞ A witty Cincinnati lady writing from Washington, says: Boston draws herself up severely, scans your cerebral developments through her eyeglass, and coolly asks—"What do you know?" New York displays her silks and diamonds, and pertly asks—"What are you worth?" Philadelphia, with prim hands and pursed-up lips, asks—"Who was your grandfather?" While Washington stops between the waltz and the german to inquire—"Can you dance?"

☞ Two little misses in Philadelphia, gave a doll's ball one evening some time ago. Invitations written upon miniature note-paper were sent to thirty or forty of the most aristocratic of the Quaker City dolls, and, in every instance, the invitations were accepted. The dolls presented themselves in full ball costume, and some were most exquisite. Supper was served at the unusual hour of eight o'clock. The service and the proportion of food corresponded with the size of the guests. Champagne, in bottles about the size of one's finger, was placed in silver coolers of equal height. After supper there was dancing, which continued about an hour, when the servants announced that "Miss Dollie Dumpkins's carriage stops the way," a signal for the termination of the ball.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Immoderate laughter at a public entertainment cost a man at Greencastle, Ind., a fine of $14.

☞ Jacob Deboj died recently in Cambria county, aged 109 years. He was a soldier under Napoleon Bonaparte.

☞ A man out West who has married and buried three sisters, now comes up smiling at the altar, having begun on a new family.

☞ "Old and New" says on the cover of the January number that it is "the only literary magazine published in New England."

☞ A culprit in a Chicago police court began an address to the justice with, "Now, jest look'ee here, old Blinky," and got ten days for contempt.

☞ There are said to be five living female poets in Rhode Island, who are all unmarried. Probably the men were all afraid to take them for better or for verse.

☞ Dubuque policemen have a "soft" thing. A man there hired one of them at $3 per night to watch his wife, and she was at the same time paying the same man $4 per night to watch her husband.

☞ A family of eight brothers, named Lengle, in Dauphin county, average six feet four and a half inches in height.

☞ A York county fisherman has been found sewing catfish heads on mullets' bodies and selling them as genuine catfish.

☞ A smart man at Sandusky put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among one hundred other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle, but thinks he will have a wine sale by auction.

☞ A Sing-Sing convict, named Eli Brown, has inherited $30,000. This, with accrued interest, will give him a nice start in life when his five years of seclusion are ended.

☞ A touching feature of the Boston tea doings was a group of sentimentalists, who stood for an hour in the chilling fog, looking contemplatively into the water off the wrong wharf.

☞ The most fickle of her sex lives in Oakland, California. When about to be married, she insisted that the ceremony should be performed in French, and a postponement was had until the next day. A French minister was then on hand, and she thereupon refused to be married at all.

☞ Never correct a child when you are angry. The Fall River School Committee, at a recent meeting, adopted a resolution ordering all the teachers in the public schools of the city to refrain from corporeal punishment of any pupil until the day following the committal of the offence.

☞ Those old soakers never lack for arguments. Lately one replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser: "If water rots the soles of your boots what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

☞ A distinguished German surgeon named Esmarch has invented a process whereby amputation of the limbs may be performed bloodlessly by applying elastic bandages to the limbs above the point of operating. The method has been successfully tried in England.

☞ The Englishman who made a heavy wager with a distinguished man of science that the world was flat, and was afterward indicted for libel for writing insulting letters to the umpire who decided against him, is now declared to be insane.

☞ A dry goods dealer at River-de-Chute, N. B., recently missed a sum of money which he had placed between some goods on the counter, whereupon he applied for warrants of arrest against everybody who had traded with him that day, and didn't find his money after all.

☞ The hard times in Pioche have had a depressing effect upon the business of the place. It is said that one pawnbroker there holds over 2,000 revolvers and bowie-knives deposited with him by impecunious fighters as collateral security.

☞ The skull of a prehistoric man, recently found in Kansas, who was supposed to have lived several thousand years before Adam, has been discovered to be a part of a large shell.

☞ Heroism in females is said to be limited, because a girl in New Hampshire who jumped into a river to rescue a drowning child, fainted away when she saw her false curls floating down the stream.

☞ The editor of the Vicksburg Herald spent $800 on a church fair, hoping to get the prize of $3000 in gold, and drew a brass chain and a photograph of George Washington. This world has no farther pleasures for him.

☞ A female pauper who died in a New York hospital, the other day, had a small fortune sewed up in her clothing. She had starved herself to hoard the money which she begged. And now a nephew steps in and claims it as sole heir.

☞ The tomb of Petrarch has been lately opened at Argua, in north Italy. The body was not in good preservation, but it was sufficiently shown that Petrarch was a robust man, with a head of medium size.

☞ A firm of Louisville swindlers advertised to send a perfect watch, warranted to keep exact time, for $1.12. On sending the money the victims received a small sun-dial, worth about ten cents.

☞ A Hartford, Conn., couple recently received by express, from some unknown donor, a handsome silver tea service, on the occasion of their silver wedding. A few days afterward they were mortified by the discovery that it had been delivered in mistake by the express company, and were compelled to restore the prize.

☞ An English professor has been putting his knife into a parish legend which made it out that the church was planned by day and built by night by invisible powers. The professor examined into the early records of the parish and discovered that the architect of the church was a Mr. Day and its builder a Mr. Knight.

☞ The economical authorities of Grafton, Me., refrain from arresting Moses Tenney, who recently murdered his wife, on the ground that his age and infirmities render it "quite probable that in the course of nature his miserable existence may be ended by death before he will be arraigned in our courts."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

YOUNG AMERICA PRINTING PRESS.

PRICES
From $12 to $75.

For Twelve Dollars I sell a press which took the diploma at the late Industrial Exhibition in New York, and with which a written guaranty will be given that it will print a single line as well as a form of type 4x6 inches without a blur or blemish. Circular and specimens of Printing sent free. Specimen Book of type, cuts, &c., ten cents. JOSEPH WATSON, 8 Province St., Boston; 53 Murray St., New York. jan17-4t

FOR SALE, A DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING PRESS, built by Taylor. Bed 37 by 51 inches. Is in good running order, the SUNDAY MERCURY having recently been printed upon it. Will make 4000 impressions an hour—has been run as fast as 5000. Apply at the office of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

$72 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted, particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. jan31-13t

SEND 25 cents to C. F. NEWCOMB, Hart's Falls, N. Y., for Samples. Articles sell in every house. 1t

$5 A DAY and a $100 GOLD WATCH FREE, honorably. Address, with stamp, Union Co., Syracuse, N. Y. jan24-4t

AGENTS WANTED for the new book, LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
Kit Carson
by his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts dictated by himself. The only True and Accurate Life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the Indian tribes of the FAR WEST, as seen by KIT CARSON, who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOCS, and the MODOC WAR. A rare work of HISTORY it is invaluable. A great opportunity for agents to make money. Our illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and secure territory at once. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. jan10-tf

SINGER PATTERN
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
New and complete for $30. Exact duplicates. Agents, Buyers, Dealers, and Users can save $35 on each machine. Agents wanted. Address, with prepaid (6 cents) postage, HARRIS BROTHERS, 347 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada. jan17-6t

$78 A Week to Agents. 78 Samples for 25 cents. Fastest selling articles in the world. J. BRIDE, 769 Broadway, New York. jan17-4t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE—Male and Female. New Novelties. Just out. Every housekeeper will purchase. Address Phila. Novelty Mfg. Co. 634 Franklin St., Phila., Pa. jan10-tf

Winter Employment.
Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men and Women Wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo. dec27-26t

MONEY made easy, with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover street, Boston. mh15-cow26t

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. sep20-cow13t

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR
RENEWER.

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.
Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.
It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.
It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff; and the scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean.
By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.
As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.
Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it *the best preparation* for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in *one preparation*, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

MANUFACTURED BY
R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S
BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion.

How Delightful
It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful.

Beware of Counterfeits.
See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. oct4-26t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. H. HURST,
mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

"SERPENTS' EGGS," 25c. "Magic Photographs," 25c. "Japanese Crystallets," 25c. "Magic Transfer Pictures," 25c. All post-paid. "Illustrated Book of Wonders," free for stamp. B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., N. Y. city. dec6-30t

"SECRET OF SUCCESS IN WALL ST." 82 pages. Bulls, Bears. Profits on "puts and calls," costing $10 to $100. Mailed for stamp by VALENTINE TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 59 Wall St., N. Y. nov15-13t

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York. oct18-26t

INDIAN ROCK: WISSAHICKON.

I.

I lay upon a rock gray with the length
Of periods stretching back beyond all men,
And trimmed with curious lichen, and whose strength
Had seen strange sights and doings, I thought then.
Tall, still, all round the green-leafed forest stood,
Save where the rock pushed up and saw the West,
There, in the gap, carved of some common wood,
And painted red, and like an Indian dressed,
A figure standing o'er the vales beneath at rest.

II.

The sunset streamed upon him, round the rock
The warm light lay, and lit the gap, and shot
Long lances in the wood on bush and stock.
He stood as in the days which now are not.
Of mighty hunts, and wars, and camp-fires splendid,
And seeming almost human in the glow,
Ay superhuman, from that land descended
Of fierce, accoutred ghosts who to and fro
Chase ever over mystic hills the antlered foe.

III.

A legend of a time of dwindling tribes,
And dying fires up and down the land,
And loss of all the savage mind imbibes
As dearest, and the flight of many a band
Toward green-armed forests far into the West:
Of spiritless hunts by broken-hearted men,
Who felt a dread, and stopped, and sideways pressed
The branches back, and saw the stranger's den;
Or from fresh, town-o'er-gazing hills looked with sad ken.

IV.

Here, through the early twilight of the wood,
And followed closely by dark lines of braves,
And after intervals by more, who stood
About the place, all sad as to their graves,
Came he, the king, who felt the breezes free
Blow from the sunset o'er lands once for him—
Proud chieftain of the Leni Lenape,
And went up on the rock, from spaces dim,
Into a place sun-lit, nor masked by bush nor limb.

V.

The never-ending forest breathed around him,
And stretched itself o'er hills, or lay asleep
In sheltered vales by that sweet stream which bound his
Unto her like her child. Adown the steep,
Looking through hundred-branched oaks, and sprays
Of hemlock, sea-dyed, tipped of lighter green,
And like the curse of wave on sunny days,
He saw her waters drift, and then unseen
Awhile, run out, and far away, long hills between.

VI.

The dying sun burned on his lurid face,
Then sank and left him, standing stern and still,
Like that red figure which in this lone place
Now broods and watches, set by some kind skill.
Behind, one with his hand upon the crag,
And others grouped near by, so wildly dressed—
His braver, long-limbed; and here a witch-faced hag,
And there a maiden too fair for these rest—
Last remnant of the tribe to follow toward the West.

VII.

The chieftain turned, the vales looked up and saw
Him slowly moving from them—as was Fate;
A new moon glittered on his hatchet's claw,
Then kissed the savage rock left desolate.
They rose, his band of Lenni Lenape,
They followed him, they crossed the woods by night,
In single, silent file like ghosts that flee:
They disappeared forever from the sight
Of these sweet streams and hills, their and their leader's right.

A. P.

"A MAN OF HONOR."

BY T. JEFFERSON CHAMBERS.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
* * * * * * *
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. —*Shakspeare.*

"Look yonder, Paul—do you see that girl with the basket? By Jupiter, what a lovely face—who the deuce can she be?"

The speaker, Vane Carmichael, threw away the cigar at which he had been vigorously puffing, and stared hard at a slender, daintily-clad girl who was walking across the fields a little distance away.

His companion, Paul Somers, laughed lightly, and pulled his tawny mustache.

"Ha, ha, Vane, this rustic nymph must be particularly charming, to cause you to forget your cigar in this way. You should be careful of your Havanas—they are not to be procured in the rural districts."

"Hang the Havanas!" said Carmichael, impatiently. "I tell you, Paul, the girl has the face of an angel. Rustic nymph, indeed! Why, her hands were white as snow, and she was dressed like a lady. She must be a visitor here like ourselves, and I'm going to form her acquaintance, if possible. I'm in love at first sight, by Jove!"

"For the fiftieth time within a year," smiled Paul Somers.

"Well, hang it all, what of it? I'm deuced susceptible, I know, and it isn't my nature to be constant—"

"Except to your cigars—you cling to them with a devotion passing the love of women."

"I say, old fellow, don't chaff. Because you detest the habit, you needn't begrudge me the pleasure of a quiet smoke now and then."

"By no means. I only wish that were your worst failing."

"What do you mean, Paul? I'm sure I'm not a bad fellow, only— By Jove! if that little beauty hasn't stopped to pick strawberries over yonder! Now is my chance for an introduction, old boy. I'm going to help her fill her basket."

"Wait, Vane—don't be foolish. The girl is only a common farmer's daughter, probably, and at any rate she will not desire the company of an entire stranger. Let us return to town—I'm getting very hungry."

"Not I," replied Vane Carmichael, laughing. "I'm hungry also, but wild strawberries, seasoned by the smiles of that little beauty, will be a feast fit for a king. Come along with me, Paul—I'll do all the talking, while you can stroke that outlandish mustache, and look unutterable nothings with those melancholy eyes of yours. Do you consent?"

"No, thank you. Go your way if you must—I shall return to the hotel."

"Au revoir, then—shall be at the village before night," and waving his hand, Vane Carmichael leaped a fence that was in the way and strode across the meadow toward the brightly-clad figure of the berry-gatherer.

"Vane is a fool," was the not very complimentary remark of Mr. Somers as he walked slowly away in an opposite direction from that taken by his friend. "Every new face, if decently pretty, captivates his fickle fancy, and the boy forthwith fancies himself in love. Love!—he does not know the meaning of the word."

The two young men whom we have just introduced were residents of Philadelphia, where they moved in the highest circles of society. They were distantly related, and having been much together since boyhood, were firm friends, although their tastes and habits were entirely dissimilar. Both were sufficiently wealthy to live without work; but Somers devoted the greater part of his time to his profession, the bar, while Carmichael busied himself in the pursuit of pleasure and dissipation. Both were handsome, talented, and proud of their ancient names and honorable families; but while Carmichael was open-hearted, jovial, and a "hale fellow well met" with every chance acquaintance, Somers was reserved, sometimes even haughty in his manners. The latter was several years older than his friend, and much his superior in depth of mind and nobility of character; but young Carmichael possessed a personal beauty and a charm of manner that made him a favorite wherever he went, especially with the opposite sex. He had the reputation of being a great flirt, but in reality he was almost always in earnest: his heart was so impressible that he fell in love and out again with every change of the moon.

The two young men had come to the country for the purpose of hunting and fishing in the sylvan wilds. How successfully they carried out their designs, this sketch will show.

The July sun was low in the west ere Vane Carmichael made his appearance in the little village. Paul Somers was lounging on the hotel-porch, watching the masses of crimson clouds in the south through half-closed eyes, when his friend came swiftly down the street, and paused at his side.

"Well, Vane, what success?" asked Paul, aroused from his revery.

Vane Carmichael laughed, and a faint flush tinged his handsome face.

"Capital, old boy, capital. Have you a cigar about you? Thank you—smoked mine all up on the way home. When this gets to going I'll tell you about my adventures."

With a little coaxing the cigar was "got to going," and, enveloped in a cloud of smoke from the fragrant Havana, Mr. Carmichael was in his element.

"You see, Paul," he commenced, "the little beauty was delighted to see me, as I knew she would be; I introduced myself, and found out her name, which is Nannie Ellingham—romantic, isn't it?—and in ten minutes we were chatting like old friends. Well, we talked and picked strawberries until the basket was full, when the girl invited me to go home with her and take dinner—which of course I was glad to do. She lives in the prettiest little cottage in the world, all surrounded by flowers, and we spent nearly all the afternoon in the garden, looking at the flowers and reading poetry. I'm dead in love, Paul—she is the prettiest little thing in the world, and innocent as a child."

"How long has this paragon been in the country?" asked Paul, dryly.

"How long? why, hang it, ever since she was born!" answered Vane. "Her father is a farmer—poor and roughly clad, I admit, but a gentleman for all that."

"Great Jupiter! is it possible that the wealthy, the refined, the fastidious Vane Carmichael, society's prime favorite, has fallen in love with a milk-maid."

"You may laugh, Paul, but when you see the girl you will appreciate my taste."

"But surely, Vane, you would not marry an obscure farmer's daughter?"

"I said nothing about marrying, I believe?" said Carmichael, smiling.

"True love ought to lead to that, ought it not?"

"Not always—a man may make love to a woman, without wishing to marry her."

"Vane Carmichael, are you a scoundrel!" said Paul Somers, sternly. "Would you drag a pure woman down to ruin and shame? If you would do this, I no longer wish to regard you as a friend."

"Pshaw, Paul—you misunderstand me. I trust I am an honorable man, as well as yourself. I shall only cultivate the acquaintance of this pretty country girl as a means of making my leisure hours pass pleasantly. Of course I couldn't think of marrying her—the governor would cut me forever, were I to do so."

"Then, Vane, let the girl alone. Suppose you win her heart by your attentions? What is only a pleasant pastime to you may be a matter of life or death for her."

"Nonsense! If she does learn to like me—what of it? Don't I fall in love twenty times a year?—and you see it doesn't hurt me in the least."

"Vane Carmichael, you never yet truly loved any one—except yourself."

"Ha, ha, Paul, you are sarcastic! but we are old friends, so I won't take offence at anything you say. Good-bye—I'm going to my room to dream about the golden-haired Nannie."

A week passed away, and the two young men still lingered in the quiet village. Paul Somers hunted and fished and admired the picturesque scenery alone, for Vane Carmichael paid daily visits to the little white cottage in which dwelt pretty Nannie Ellingham. Somers, finding his remonstrances useless, dropped the subject entirely, and Carmichael seldom referred to his inamorata. His conscience warned him that he was acting a dishonorable part, but he could not bring himself to give up the pleasure of the girl's society until it was too late.

One morning Carmichael, for reasons known only to himself, volunteered to accompany his friend on a fishing excursion. They were passing through a small tract of woodland, when they came face to face with a young girl, whose hands and hair were filled with wild flowers.

"Ah, good-morning, Nannie," said Vane, warmly. "You are out early—and with those flowers in your hair you look like a veritable wood-nymph."

The girl smiled, and blushed scarlet. Somers, watching her closely, saw that she already regarded his companion as something more than a friend.

"My friend, Mr. Paul Somers, Miss Nannie Ellingham," said Vane, gracefully.

Miss Ellingham bowed, and looked up shyly; and Paul Somers saw that her eyes were large and tender, and of the color of April violets. Her face was small and rather pale, but with a delicate rose-flush on the cheeks, and her lips were red as the gentian's scarlet berries. Her gold-brown hair clustered around a neck that was white as milk. Her girlish, slender, almost fragile figure was clad in simple calico, but there was a neatness and taste in her dress that gave her a very ladylike appearance.

"What a pretty little thing," thought Somers. "She looks like a child, and yet I can see the woman's soul in her eyes. If she learns to love Vane Carmichael, God pity her!"

With a few pleasant words, Miss Ellingham passed on her way. Vane Carmichael watched her retreating form for a moment, and then turned to his companion—

"Well, Paul, what do you think of the milk-maid?" he asked, smiling.

"I think she is an innocent and beautiful girl, and you will be a scoundrel if you dare to trifle with her affections," replied Somers, gravely.

"You should have lived in the age of chivalry, old boy. You seem to regard a pretty woman as something to be worshipped afar off, but not to be talked to and associated with familiarly."

"No honorable man will try to win a woman's affections, when he has no intention of marrying her."

"But, Paul, I am not a lady-killer—it isn't at all probable that I could win this girl's love, should I desire and try to do so."

"Vane Carmichael, we are old friends, and I shall speak to you without reserve. You know as well as I that you are very handsome—that your attractive person and winning manners make you almost irresistible even among the worldly-wise of the other sex; how then should a simple country girl, guileless and unused to society, be proof against your fascinations? That you have already touched her heart, I saw by her manner a moment ago. Unless you break off the acquaintance soon, the poor child will be doomed to suffer years of wretchedness, or perhaps die of a broken heart. Believe me, mere friendship between you two is impossible. Platonic affection between young people of opposite sexes is always a dangerous experiment."

"The oracle has spoken!" said Carmichael, with something like a sneer. "My most virtuous friend, suppose I truly love this girl, and marry her, what do you say to that?"

"If you have made up your mind to disregard the opinions of your friends, and of the world, I have nothing more to say. I believe the girl is in every way worthy of you."

"I have made up my mind to do nothing of the kind, however. I have been reared in the highest social circles—my father is almost a millionaire; Nannie Ellingham is the child of an obscure farmer, and has nothing but her beauty to recommend her. Such a mesalliance would disgrace me forever."

"Then, if you have a particle of honor about you, you will cease your attentions to Miss Ellingham at once and forever!" said Somers, warmly.

Vane Carmichael's handsome face flushed as he answered, angrily—

"I consider myself a man of honor, and no other man living should speak to me as you do. But as you say, we are old friends, and I will not quarrel with you. I forbid you to mention this subject to me again, and I assure you that I shall act as I think proper in the matter."

A fortnight later. The little village was wrapped in the dreamy haze of the summer evening. As Paul Somers, loaded with rifle and fishing-tackle, approached the hotel, he saw Vane Carmichael pacing the porch with an open letter in his hand.

"Paul, I've got a letter from my mother summoning me home," commenced the young man. "My second cousin, Eleanor Vane, has come home from Europe, and is now at the governor's house. My maternal relative has long wished to make a match between us—she is very beautiful and immensely wealthy—and I don't think I shall object. A man must marry some time, and Miss Vane is a prize worth winning. I shall start for the city in the morning; will you go with me, or do you wish to rusticate awhile longer?"

"I intend to remain here some time yet," briefly replied Somers.

"All right, I'd rather stay myself. I must run down to take a last look at the fields—bye-bye!" and in a moment Carmichael was hurrying down the street.

After lounging about the lonely hotel until he grew tired, Paul Somers also started for a walk, but without any definite end in view. He soon found himself outside the village, and in the lately-mown meadows, where the freshly-growing clover filled the air with fragrance. By this time the sun had set, and the tender shades of twilight were falling over the scene. Absorbed in thought, Somers took no note of surrounding objects, until a low murmur of voices fell on his ear. Looking around, he perceived, a short distance away, a man and a woman leaning against a fence, engaged in earnest conversation. The man's figure was dark and indistinct—the girl's face and dress gleamed white in the twilight. Paul Somers, even before he heard their words, knew that the pair were Nannie Ellingham and her false lover.

"Oh, Vane!" the girl's voice was full of agony, "must you go away so soon?"

"I must, my darling," answered Vane Carmichael's musical tenor voice, "but I shall come back again soon, so keep in good heart."

"But you will forget me—you will learn to love some one else!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, Vane, if you cease to love me—if you prove false to me, my heart will break—I shall die!"

"Foolish little girl!" said Vane, caressingly. "I could not forget you, for do I not love you even as you love me?"

"No, you say you love me, and I believe you—but I worship you, I adore you—my whole life is bound up in you. Oh, my love, you will write to me soon, will you not, and often?"

"I will, my sweet—and I will come back to you ere long. Now kiss me good-bye, little Pansy, for I must leave you."

There was a long, close embrace, and then Carmichael strode swiftly across the meadows toward the village, whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"The cowardly scoundrel!" muttered Paul Somers through his clenched teeth. "Were it not for the friendship that has existed between us, I would follow him and give him the thrashing he so richly merits."

Nannie Ellingham stood leaning against the fence, watching her lover's retreating figure. Paul Somers resolved to approach and tell her the truth.

"She must know it some time," he reasoned, "and the sooner she tears that puppy's image from her soul the better. Perhaps I can arouse her pride and self-respect."

His footsteps made no sound on the soft grass. The girl's eyes were filled with tears, and she took no note of his approach.

"Good-evening, Miss Ellingham," he said, gently, pausing before her.

The girl started quickly, and gave a little cry of alarm.

"Do not be frightened," said the young man. "You have seen me before, I think. My name is Paul Somers."

"You—you are Mr. Carmichael's friend?" asked the girl, hesitatingly.

"I am, Miss Ellingham—and I wish you to regard me as a friend also. I have something unpleasant to tell you."

Mr. Somers paused. The full moon was now climbing the heavens, and its silvery light fell full upon Miss Ellingham's deathly-pale face. The young man saw the look of pain in her beautiful eyes, and he almost resolved to leave his self-imposed task unfinished.

"Is it—anything about Mr. Carmichael?" asked the girl, with quivering lips.

"Yes," answered Somers, and then continued desperately, "I consider it my duty to tell you the truth, Miss Ellingham, although I know I shall wound you deeply. You have been deceived by a man who is utterly unworthy of your regard. Vane Carmichael does not love you, and you will probably never see him again."

Nannie Ellingham gave a little gasping sob.

"Oh, it is not true—I cannot, I will not believe it!" she cried.

"My poor child, do you think I would tell you this merely to cause you pain?" said the young man, pityingly. "Vane Carmichael starts in the morning to meet his intended bride."

With a low moan, the girl sank down on the damp grass at the young man's feet.

"Perhaps I have killed her," thought Somers. "I was too abrupt, but God knows I meant it for the best. Poor little girl! she looks like a white lily cut down by an untimely frost."

Miss Ellingham soon recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, and slowly arose to her feet. Her beautiful face was ghastly in the moonlight, and she was obliged to cling to the fence for support.

"I believe what you tell me, Mr. Somers," she said, speaking with difficulty. "I have sometimes feared as much—but oh, Heaven! if your friend did not care for me—why did he tell me so? Why did he not let me live my simple life in peace?"

"Why, indeed? Vane Carmichael has acted a base and cowardly part; but you, Miss Ellingham, must not break your heart for him. Try to forget him, and your life may yet be happy."

"It is too late—too late!" said the girl, sighing wearily. "I thank you for the interest you have taken in me, Mr. Somers. Good-night."

"You are too weak to walk alone, Miss Ellingham—allow me to assist you home," said Paul, offering her his arm.

The girl accepted his aid, and they walked across the fields in utter silence. The young man felt the hand on his arm tremble like a leaf, and he could see that the lovely face was wet with tears. At length they arrived at the pretty cottage which was the girl's home.

"I wish you to regard me as a friend," said Paul Somers, gently; "and if I can serve you in any way, command me. Good-night."

"Thank you; good-night," answered the girl, in the same hopeless tone.

Mr. Somers walked slowly homeward, beneath the shining stars, his heart filled with anger toward his friend, and with pity for the innocent girl whose life seemed so sadly blighted. A perfect gentleman himself, "sans peur et sans reproche," he could not look leniently on what he knew the world would consider but a trifling fault. The next morning he received Vane Carmichael's parting words very coldly, and evinced no interest in that gentleman's affairs. After his friend was gone, Somers devoted himself exclusively to his rifle and fishing-rod, much to the wonder of the villagers. But the young man had an object in remaining so long in the town. He had become deeply interested in Nannie Ellingham, and he wished to know how she would bear her terrible disappointment. Pity is akin to love; and although Paul Somers did not love the beautiful girl, he felt for her a friendship which, under different circumstances, might have ripened into that passion. He saw her two or three times after Carmichael's departure, and noted with pain the increasing pallor of her cheeks and the wasting of her fragile, graceful form. At length he heard that she was ill—confined to her room by some low, lingering disorder—consumption, the doctor said; but Paul Somers knew that the origin of her disease was a broken heart. He visited her once or twice, and could have wept, strong man as he was, when he saw the poor wan face, in which the great violet eyes glowed with unnatural brilliancy.

STRETCH OF PRIVILEGE.

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE (to a Privileged Old Friend of the Family.) "Dear Mr. Lupus, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself. I should so like to have you waltz this once with me."

PRIVILEGED OLD FRIEND. "My dear child, I don't dance: but, if it suits you, I wouldn't mind sitting here with my arm round your waist, while the others are making themselves dizzy."

The summer sped away, and the hazy, golden days of September drew near. Paul Somers still lingered at the village. One day he was surprised to meet Vane Carmichael's tall, graceful figure at the door of the hotel.

"How are you, old boy?" said the latter, holding out his hand. "Glad to see you—thought I would run down here for a few days' shooting, and take you back to the city with me. I'm to be married in a month, and I want you to be my best man."

"I suppose Miss Vane is the happy lady?"

"Yes—she is a magnificent woman. Congratulate me."

"I wish you all the joy you deserve," answered Somers, a little coldly.

After a week's successful shooting, the two young men were preparing to return to the city, when a half-grown lad, flushed and breathless, entered the hotel, inquiring for Mr. Carmichael.

"I am Mr. Carmichael," said Vane, surveying the boy curiously.

"If you please, sir," began the boy, "Miss Nannie Ellingham is a-dyin' and she wants to see you dreadful bad; and the doctor he sent me to tell you to come as quick as you could, if you wanted to see her alive."

Carmichael turned pale, and glanced at Paul Somers, who stood near.

"For Heaven's sake do not refuse the poor girl's dying request!" said the latter, sternly.

"Come with me," said Carmichael; and the two men went out and walked swiftly across the fields toward the farmer's cottage. They entered the house with noiseless steps, and were shown to the room where the dying girl lay, surrounded by her weeping relatives and the family physician.

A sudden radiance overspread the girl's countenance as she saw before her the man whom she loved so well. She held out one transparent hand to him with a smile.

"Oh, Vane, you have come!" she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I was afraid you would be too late—and I couldn't die happy without seeing you once more."

Regardless of the presence of others, Vane Carmichael approached and knelt by the bed, clasping the maiden's wasted hand in his.

"Oh, Nannie, forgive me, forgive me!" was all he could say.

"I forgive you Vane, fully, freely. I was as much to blame as you, perhaps, but I couldn't help loving you. I am glad to die now—oh, so glad! Life without your presence would have been so wretched; but perhaps, if I go to Heaven, I will forget all the sorrows of this world. Kiss me once, Vane—my darling—my love—good-bye!"

With a sigh as soft as the sweet September breezes, Nannie Ellingham's gentle life went out. Vane Carmichael hid his face in his hands, and wept as he had never wept before. He was not wilfully bad, only weak and cowardly and proud. He realized, when it was too late, how dishonorably he had acted.

A month later Vane Carmichael stood at the altar beside his beautiful bride, while the October winds sighed mournfully around Nannie Ellingham's lonely grave. The world called it a splendid match, and predicted a long and happy life for the youthful pair. But if there is a higher than earthly tribunal where we must each of us render up an account, will the great Judge of all the world, in whose eyes prince and peasant are alike, hold Vane Carmichael guiltless?

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

It is not genius. All with such peculiar gifts make bad managers of any business, and are too erratic for ordinary executive purposes. And it is not high intellectual attainments. Few scholarly men will lay aside their devotion to letters for their own sake, and follow the plodding course by which success in business is to be attained. And it lies not in the force of circumstances. Some who might otherwise have been successful in a clear course have doubtless broken down in the face of popular obstacles; but the man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will can achieve his triumph in spite of such adverse surroundings. It is not luck. There is less of happy chance in such success than is commonly supposed. It is true that many tempt their fate and escape as by a miracle, but this can form no rule of life; success in business is obedience to a law that can be clearly and distinctly traced throughout the whole of one's career. This law is based on the principle that everything has its price, and they only who are able and willing to pay it can acquire what they covet. Some are prevented through want of nerve, or failing health, or defective judgment, or other mental and physical defects, from succeeding in the struggle. But more, who are able, fail because they are unwilling to meet the cost. They seek the end, but will not by patient self-denial employ the means. Present ease, present gratification, some form of indulgence not consistent with the end which has been proposed, offers a temptation too strong for them to resist. To-morrow they will begin a sterner course; next week they will turn over another leaf with different reading on the obverse side, but to-day let the hands be folded and the old encumbrance remain. No man is on the road to success who has not already paid part of the price, and is not now holding out to fortune in full the next instalment that is due.

Good Poetry.

The London Times says of Mr. Longfellow's "Aftermath:" "In these days, when a confusion of tongues, such as hindered the Tower of Babel, seems to have fallen upon the writers of poetry, each having a jargon resembling that of his neighbor in nothing but that it is unintelligible, it is a relief to be reminded that there are still poets left who do as Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, and Wordsworth did before them, and honestly endeavor to turn plain thought into plain English. We look upon the sustained popularity of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Tennyson as a standing protest against the labored obscurity of a real poet like Mr. Browning, and still more against the pretensions of certain writers whose pens have for some years past been purling in a round of mutual adulation. With great complacency, and to the great astonishment of the outside world, these bards have enlisted each other into the band called the immortal band. If just recently a silence has fallen over the new school and its affiliated critics, it is, we presume, because they have settled all things to their own satisfaction, and have now nothing more to say. The new school has proved itself right in all things beyond all doubt of its adherents; but the general public goes its way, and receives this little volume of simple verse with pleasure and even eagerness."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

CRESCENT, (New Orleans,) asks: "1st. Which is the oldest story paper in the United States, and when was it first printed? 2d. What will prevent the hair from falling out? 3d. Can a person's disposition be told by their handwriting? 4th. Is there any harm in a young lady giving a gentleman a ring to wear, they not being engaged? 5th. If a person subscribes to a paper, and at the end of the year fails to renew it, can the publisher recover the money for all papers sent after that time; and how would he accomplish the same?" 1st. We know of none older than THE POST. 2d. There are many remedies, but we know of nothing better than attention to the general rules of health. The premature falling of the hair is usually a sign of derangement of the whole system, unless a constitutional predisposition, or some obvious local cause produces it, such as—in men—the too constant wearing of the hat. For more on this subject, see answer to "Zip," in No. 34. 3d. Not very accurately, we imagine. 4th. Circumstances alter cases; such a gift might be proper in one case, and not in another. 5th. The law is that if the paper be taken from the post-office, or is not properly paid for and stopped, payment can be claimed. Collection would first be attempted by sending a bill through the mail; if no attention was paid to it, the bill might be placed in legal hands for collection. The courts have decided that a publisher has a legal right to continue sending his paper so long as it is not paid for—but publishers in general do not avail themselves of their rights under the law.

CAPT. TURNER, (Atlanta, Ga.,) writes: "1st. I wish to know where robins, meadow or field-larks and swallows (or martins) go when they leave the South? Robins leave here about April, meadow-larks about March, and swallows about August. 2d. How long do you think it will be before the United States will have another war? 3d. How many men could the United States raise in three months? 4th. How long has THE POST been published? 5th. Where was Farragut born?" 1st. The robin goes North over the continent as far as to latitude 60 deg. It is one of the first birds seen in the spring, a few remaining all winter in sheltered places, as far north as New England. Many arrive here before the snow has disappeared. The meadow-lark also visits us. The barn swallow or martin arrives here in mild seasons by the middle of May. Instead of leaving the south in August, it is about that time that they return. So Wilson says at least. Are you not mistaken in your statement that they leave your latitude in that month? 2d. We do not "think" much about such a possibility, unless it is strongly presented, as it was recently in the case of the difficulty with Spain. It will be a long while, we trust, before the country is afflicted with another war. 3d. A large army—say 100,000 men—could be raised in that time, we suppose, if the emergency required it. 4th. THE POST tells that every week: it is in its 33d year of volume. 5th. David G. Farragut, the gallant admiral, now deceased, was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5th, 1801. His father, George Farragut, was a native of Minorca.

T. M. N., Jr., (Bay Spring, Miss.,) asks: "1st. Where is the —— published? 2d. What is the meaning of Tau-Ete-Tau?" 1st. We do not know. 2d. We cannot inform you; don't know, for certain, whether it is Hebrew or Choctaw. It sounds like Hebrew—but that is a language we never studied.

L. M. W., (Osceola, Iowa,) asks: "How are Charlemagne and Bologne pronounced?" Shar-le-mane. Bo-lon-ya.

C. W. M., (Micanopy, Alachua County, Fla.,) asks: "Are Kirwan's Letters to Chief-Justice Taney in print, and where and at what price can they be had? I have his letters to Bishop Hughes, in which he often refers to his letters to Mr. Taney, and I would like to get them if I can." We believe they are in print, but copies of the work are hard to find. Write to some prominent bookseller, or, if you have opportunity, search the book-stores yourself. Some dealer in second-hand or old and rare books might have it.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Greenville, N. C.,) asks: "When eating is it proper to wipe the mouth with a handkerchief when there are napkins on the table?" At the table use the handkerchief only for the nose, and not then if it can be avoided. The napkin is to put in the lap and to wipe the mouth with if necessary. Napkins should always be provided for the table, if only the commonest material can be afforded. The use of the handkerchief to put to the lips is essentially vulgar and unrefined.

ALMON, (Farmington, Minn.,) wants to know what he shall do with a person who has borrowed "THE POST" regularly for three years, but will not subscribe for it or any other paper. Refuse to lend to such a selfish, miserly fellow—though do not refuse him the paper that contains this answer.

DILL OSBY, (Cheny, Clinton county, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. Have Tom Thumb and wife a child of their own? 2d. When we say 'what shall we have for dessert,' shall we say dez-sert'? Which is right? 3d. Do I write a plain hand? I mean easy to read. My friends say I write a nervous hand. I claim I do not—am I right?" 1st. We believe Tom Thumb and his wife are the parents of a child. 2d. Accent the word on the second syllable. 3d. You write a hand that is very easily read. We rather agree with your friends as relates to the second part of your question.

H. W., (Pennsylvania,) asks: "1st. Why is Philadelphia in some particulars exempt from the benefits of the new Constitution? 2d. Are financial affairs getting any better. 3d. Is it safer to deposit in a National bank than with a company corporation?" 1st. The operation of the new Constitution was intended to be just and equal. We do not think that Philadelphia will suffer in the way you seem to apprehend. 2d. Yes: the improvement is very decided. 3d. That is a question not to be answered by an unqualified yes or no. Some of the State and private banking companies are as sound and good as the best of the National banks. The notes of the National banks are the safest because secured. We have heard recently, of the notes of broken National banks selling at four per cent. premium. They were wanted to start other National banks with.

HARRY writes to us, saying that it is his ambition to become an artist. He needs encouragement and instruction, and asks us to refer him to some artist who will give him an opportunity to advance himself in the way he desires. We can refer him to no one, but will say to him that if he will visit the studio of almost any artist, with specimens of his skill in the use of the pencil or brush—even if they are very rude—he may find that a kindly interest will be taken in him, and he will receive such advice as may suit his case.

E. A. W., (Newark, Ohio.) We answered your question, relative to Mrs. Henry Wood, in a recent number of the Post. Her health does not warrant her undertaking a new serial at present.

A. R. S., (South Bend, Indiana,) says that we have not published his questions, sent some weeks ago. They were not received, or they would have had attention.

S. S. C., asks: "1st. When was each denomination of American coin first sent from the mint? 2d. Where should one look for the date on coins, and when was it first issued? 3d. Are shillings coined in Denmark now? 4th. Are soldiers in the army tried by their equals in rank?" 1st. In the United States the first coins issued by authority of the national government were the cent and half-cent, struck at the New Haven mint in 1:81. On April 2, 1792, a code of laws was enacted, under which, with slight amendments, the coinage was executed for 42 years. The eagle, half-eagle and quarter-eagle in gold; the dollar, half-dollar, quarter-dollar, dime and half-dime in silver; and the cent and half-cent in copper were issued under this enactment. In March, 1849, there were added to the series the double eagle and the dollar in gold. By the act of February 21, 1853, the three-dollar piece in gold was issued. By the act of March 3, 1851, the silver three-cent piece was added. Since then there have been various additions of copper coinage—not of them recent. 2d. On the face, we should suppose. We cannot say when it was first issued. 3d. Yes; but under the name of *shilling*. 4th. A court-martial is usually composed of officers of different ranks.

SUBSCRIBER, (Clarinda, Iowa,) asks: "Is the story of William Tell an historical fact, or a story founded on facts, or merely fiction? And if a fiction, who is the author?" The most learned of the historians now-a-days, we believe, agree that the story of William Tell is an historical fiction. They say that the writers of the period do not even mention such a name. The same story is given by Saxo Grammaticus respecting Toke, who killed Harold. Similar tales are told of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clugh, and William of Cloudesley. It is supposed that all these stories are mere corruptions of some old mythological fable concerning Apollo or the Sun-god.

MANDA asks: "1st. What paper or magazine will Mrs. Henry Wood write for the coming year? 2d. I have read that an such person as William Tell ever in reality existed. Is this true? 3d. In what part of Pennsylvania is Shamokin situated? 4th. What is the greatest depth the earth has been penetrated?" 1st. and 2d. See answers to other correspondents. 3d. In Northumberland County. 4th. About 3000 feet, but by men, not in boring artesian wells.

L. L. D. asks: "On what tree does the leaf used for fans grow, and where is it found?" On the Palm. It abounds in various tropical and semi-tropical countries, especially in Egypt, India and Japan.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]